Grace M. Henry
Counsellor-at-law
Nantucket Island, Massachusetts

June 12, 1956

Mrs. Margaret Fawcett Wilson
Siasconset, Massachusetts

Dear Margaret:

Enclosed please find self-explanatory memorandum.

Cordially yours,

Grace M. Henry

GMH:hl
enclosure

There was no criticism about the play itself - Discussion was confined to the question of whether any play should be put on at all -

ISLAND EPIC

MEMORANDUM REGARDING MEETING OF JUNE 11, 1956 AT 4 P.M. AT GMH OFFICE

Mr. Stokeley Morgan, representing Nantucket Historical Association, Mr. John Grout, representing Nantucket Civic League, Dr. Ralph L. Harvey, representing Nantucket Rotary Club, and Mr. Harold Beach and Mr. Albert Whitehill, representing Nantucket Chamber of Commerce, met with me at my office at 4 P.M. on Monday, June 11, 1956.

I outlined the purpose of the meeting emphasizing the points that all the historical plays or pageants presented in various parts of the country were presented under the sponsorship of the local historical association or chamber of commerce, that the "Epic" had been tried out with very good reception, that it would be a positive step towards good publicity while maintaining the dignity of the Island, and that it would seem as if it could be made eventually a financial success and a source of some income for the respective charities.

I paid deficit of about $200 myself

Mr. Stokeley Morgan for the Historical Association did most of the talking. He asked to see a statement of the preliminary presentation in April and remarked that it was a very bad statement, that receipts did not cover expenses despite the fact that costumes were loaned, services were volunteered, and no rent was paid for the theater.

Mr. Morgan stated he had explicit instructions to be sure that his organization was not involved in any financial responsibility, and he could see no way ~~how~~ its name could be used without such involvement. Mr. Beach and Mr. Grout agreed. Dr. Harvey said nothing on this point.

I then made my proposition that I would subsidize the cost of making letterheads, writing and mailing a letter to 500 people with the idea of getting ten-dollar contributions, that I could personally guarantee contributions of $500. cash, and that if we didn't have evidence of a substantial backlog before June 20 or July 1, I would return the money and we would not attempt to put on the play. Thus there would be no possibility of any financial responsibility for anybody including the members of the committee.

Asked specifically who would be responsible for any deficit in this setup, I had to reply that this committee would, but that if we could raise $2,000. and take in $3,000., we certainly would not go in the red. Mr. Morgan pointed out that while this was supposed to be a non-profit organization, over half of the proposed budget was to be paid to individuals, director $300., royalties $300., stage crew $450. I explained the necessity for a professional stage crew for lights, rigging, carpentry, etc. and stated that Mr. Dixon would contribute the director's fee of $300.

Mr. Grout stated that he had approached several people with a view towards donating something and each had replied that although the play would be "nice", it was not necessary, that the repairs to the Whaling Museum were more important ($11,000. only of $20,000. sought has been raised), that the Atheneum needed $65,000. and had only

ISLAND CITIC

MEMORANDUM REGARDING MEETING OF JUNE 11, 1956 AT 4 P.M. AT OHIO OFFICE

Mr. Stokely Morgan, representing Kentucky Historical Association, Mr. John Grout, representing Kentucky Civic League, Dr. Ralph L. Harvey, representing Kentucky Notary Club, and Mr. Harold Beach and Mr. Albert Whitehill, representing Kentucky Chamber of Commerce, met with me at my office at 4 P.M. on Monday, June 11, 1956.

I outlined the purpose of the meeting emphasizing the points that all the historical plays or pageants presented in various parts of the country were presented under the sponsorship of the local historical association or chamber of commerce, that the "Ohio" had been tried out with very good reception, that it would be a positive step towards good publicity while maintaining the dignity of the Island, and that it would seem as if it could be made eventually a financial success and a source of some income for the respective charities.

Mr. Stokely Morgan for the Historical Association did most of the talking. He asked to see a statement of the preliminary presentation in April and remarked that it was a very bad statement, that receipts did not cover expenses despite the fact that costumes were loaned, services were volunteered, and no rent was paid for the theater.

Mr. Morgan stated he had explicit instructions to be sure that his organization was not involved in any financial responsibility, and he could see no way ~~see~~ its name could be used without such involvement. Mr. Beach and Mr. Grout agreed. Dr. Harvey said nothing on this point.

I then made my proposition that I would subsidize the cost of making letterheads, writing and mailing a letter to 500 people with the idea of getting ten-dollar contributions, that I would personally guarantee contributions of $500. each, and that if we didn't have evidence of a substantial backlog before June 20 or July 1, I would return the money and we would not attempt to put on the play. Thus there would be no possibility of any financial responsibility for anybody including the members of the committee.

Asked specifically who would be responsible for any deficit in this setup, I had to reply that this committee would, but that if we could raise $5,000. and take in $3,000., we certainly would not go in the red. Mr. Morgan pointed out that while this was supposed to be a non-profit organization, over half of the proposed budget was to be paid to individuals, director $300., royalties $300., stage crew $150. I explained the necessity for a professional stage crew for lights, rigging, carpentry, etc. and stated that Mr. Dixon would contribute the director's fee of $300.

Mr. Grout stated that he had approached several people with a view towards donating something and each had replied that although the play would be "nice", it was not necessary, that the rebate to the Whaling Museum were more important ($11,000. only of $20,000. sought has been raised), that the Athenaeum needed $85,000. and had only

Grant M. Speaks

Commissioner-at-Large

$12,000., that the hospital would need $25,000. or $30,000. on its drive, that all these were more important than the play and that the money would be forthcoming from the same people. I pointed out that it was quite probable $1,500. could be raised by individual subscriptions of people who sincerely believed this was a good thing for the Island but that the names of these organizations were vital to give dignity to the presentation.

There was a good deal of other conversation. Dr. Harvey and Mr. Whitehill were enthusiastic and felt that the small amount sought at this time would not interfere with other projects. Mr. Whitehill asked if there could be some way of guaranteeing the return of their investment to large subscribers. I said it wasn't easy but it could be done. Mr. Morgan thought that anybody who would give $100. would not require its return.

When I pressed them about the worth of the play, they all agreed that it would be a nice thing for Nantucket. Mr. Morgan suggested it might be something to head up to for the tercentenary in 1959 when it could be properly prepared. Mr. Beach thought the town should do something about it and all agreed it would be worse than futile to talk about it. Mr. Whitehill did say he thought possibly $100. of $150. could be obtained as a contribution from the town publicity committee.

I emphasized again that trying one letter and one effort in the names of these organizations before July 1 would not endanger any of the individual projects which the organizations had, that I would guarantee that no one of them personally or their organizations would be responsible for any money expenditure, and that it would do no harm to anybody to try this letter in the names of the committee composed of this group. I asked each one individually to answer this point, and each one said he personally and the organization he represented didn't want to be involved at this time. Various excuses were given but except for Dr. Harvey the response was all negative. Dr. Harvey did state that he was afraid that this fine play might be lost and that he had thought it might be a good idea to have it made into a movie so that it could be sent all around the country. I told him the cost of a movie would be at least $25,000. to $30,000.

Mr. Morgan, who thought of dozens of objections, at one point in the conversation stated he didn't think a cast could be assembled. I told him that even though the committee seemed to be less than enthusiastic, the cast, busy with earning its living in the summertime, had indicated that it would find time for rehearsals, etc. to be in the play if it could be offered or presented as a community effort.

Each of the men made very flowery speeches to me in parting, telling me how worthy my efforts were, etc., etc., but it was definitely the end. The only spark of enthusiasm I could get anywhere, and that was well subdued by the end of the meeting, was from Dr. Harvey and he was particularly silent as the meeting progressed.

Grace M. Henry
Counsellor-at-Law
Nantucket Island, Massachusetts

Grace M. Henry
Counsellor-at-Law
Nantucket Island, Massachusetts

MEMORANDUM RE "ISLAND EPIC"

Beginning in May, 1955, in response to requests, my numerous communities which have successfully (and unsuccessfully) presented historical dramas and pageants depicting the history of the locality, forwarded information on their historical dramas. These are becoming known as America's epic drama.

These productions are sponsored in all cases by chambers of commerce, historical associations, little theater groups, and in some cases by the state itself. All are agreed that the following are the prime requisites of a successful production:

1. a good drama based on history
2. professional direction
3. sponsorship by non-profit organizations
4. good preliminary business organization

The reception "Island Epic" received in its Nantucket try-out on April 25 and 26 indicates that the first two points are covered.

It was the sense of an informal meeting of members without portfolio of Nantucket non-profit organizations held May 31, 1955 that the production should be presented by the Nantucket Historical Association with the cooperation of the Chamber of Commerce, Civic League, and Rotary Club. It would now seem that sponsorship of these organizations could be obtained.

Despite the fact that Margaret Fawcett Wilson contributed the costumes, the theater and the script, that Mr. Dixon charged nothing for his services, and that the 50 members of the cast contributed their time and effort, the April performances resulted in a cash loss of over $200. A budget has been prepared for a proposed 1956 presentation for 2 nights in July and 2 nights in August. It is evident therefrom that capital is needed. Attached is a proposed method of financing the production based on advices from other communities. The business and financial phase should be in the hands of a representative group from the various organizations, headed by a business manager. This group could be incorporated and might even be the nucleus of a committee for a tercentenary program in 1959.

Grace M. Henry
Counsellor-at-Law
Massachusetts

MEMORANDUM ON "ISLAND STYLE"

Beginning in May, 1955, in response to requests, numerous communities which have successfully (and unsuccessfully) presented historical drama and pageants depicting the history of the locality. Forwarded information on their historical dramas. There are becoming known as America's epic drama.

These productions are sponsored in all cases by chambers of commerce, historical associations, little theater groups, and in some cases by the state itself. All are agreed that the following are the prime requisites of a successful production:

1. a good drama based on history

2. professional direction

3. sponsorship by non-profit organization

4. good preliminary business organization

The reception "Island Style" received in its Nantucket try-out on April 25 and 26 indicates that the first two points are covered.

It was the sense of an informal meeting of members without portfolio of Nantucket non-profit organizations held May 31, 1955 that the production should be presented by the Nantucket Historical Association with the cooperation of the Chamber of Commerce, Civic League, and History Club. It would now seem that sponsorship of these organizations could be obtained.

Despite the fact that Margaret Sweet Wilson contributed the costumes, the theater and the script, that Mr. Dixon charged nothing for his services, and that the 50 members of the cast contributed their time and effort, the April performances resulted in a cash loss of over $200. A budget has been prepared for a proposed 1956 presentation for 2 nights in July and 2 nights in August. It is evident therefore that capital is needed. Attached is a proposed method of financing the production based on advices from other communities. The business and financial plans should be in the hands of a representative group from the various organizations, headed by a business manager. This group could be incorporated and might even be the nucleus of a committee for a tercentenary program in 1959.

Grace M. Jeffery
Commissioner-at-Large
Commonwealth

PLAN FOR FUND RAISING

As the time for campaigning is so limited, the following suggestions are submitted as the best means of raising money in shortest possible time.

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS

Amounts of fifty and one hundred dollar subscriptions to be personally solicited from private individuals who are interested in (1) the production itself, (2) Persons who are interested in good publicity for the island and preservation of it's traditions.

SMALL GIFTS

May be solicited by letter in amounts of one to ten dollars. The name of each donor to be listed as a sponsor in the program. Mailing list for this solicitation could be based on all residences listed in the telephone book.

Sale of Tickets at advanced prices for opening night.

Tickets to be sold in blocks of four or more and solicited by letter based on a list of summer people. This appeal to be sent out after the small gift appeal.

THEATRE PROGRAM

Sale of advertising in theatre progrm should net between $1000 and $1500 depending upon printing costs. Suggest a 24 page program black and white with some pictures.

Four pages of advertising should be sold to National advertisers such as automobile, liquor or cigarette companies. This would pay cost of printing and all local advertising would be profit.

Publicity Committee could solicit the national advertising and a local resident be hired on a commission basis to sell the local ads/

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SMALL GIFTS

May be solicited by letter in amounts of one to ten dollars. The name of each donor to be listed as a sponsor in the program. Mailing list for this solicitation could be based on all residences listed in the telephone book.

Sale of Tickets at advanced prices for opening night.

Tickets to be sold in blocks of ten or more and solicited by letter based on a list of summer people. This appeal to be sent out after the small gift appeal.

TWENTY PROGRAM

Sale of advertising in theatre program nearly net between $1000 and $1500 according upon printing costs. Suggest a 24 page program black and white with some colors.

Four pages of advertising should be sold to local advertisers such as automobile, liquor or cigarette companies. This would pay cost of printing and all local advertising would be profit.

Publicity Committee could solicit the national advertising and a local resident be hired on a commission basis to sell the local ads.

June ,1956

Dear _____,

Perhaps you saw "Island Epic" or read about it in the paper when it was presented at the Straight Wharf Theatre last April? It is the story of the history of our island presented in a bright and amusing manner, performed by a cast composed of island residents, your friends and neighbors.

We are convinced that Nantucket's historical tradition is the thing which above all else makes it unique among summer resorts. We feel that our summer visitors should be "painlessly" acquainted with our history. There is no better way of making History "come alive" than through the medium of the theatre. An appreciation of our traditions increases appreciarion of the island.

If this play is publicized in newspapers and magazines we shall receive a great deal of favorable publicity which we would never receive through paid advertisements. Each time the "Epic" is mentioned, Nantucket is mentioned in a dignified manner which will attract the better class of tourists.

In a spirit of community cooperation, we wish to present "Epic" four times this summer. It will be a strictly non-profit making venture, no salaries will be paid. All persons connected with the production will donate their services and talents. We ask your help in this unselfish Nantucket project. It is necessary to procure physical properties such as lighting, costumes and sceenery Any amount which you care to give will be greatly appreciated. We wish to feel that you are behind us in this endeavor and should like to use your name as a sponsor in our program.

May we hear from you?

Very sincerely yours,

Secretary

The primary purpose in presenting "Island Epic"is to acquaint both the summer visitors and Nantucket residents with the unique and interesting story of the island. It is well known that people will attend a pley who will not read history. "Epic" is a good "variety show" which tells the story and amuses the audiwnce.

Throughout the country there is a great renewal of interest in the nation's past. Attested by the crowds at Williamsburg and the success of historical plays such as "Epic" given in different parts of the country. In addition to this renewal of interest in ~~hixkorix~~ American history at this time, Nantucket has been officially declared an historic district---and as such received nationwide publicity. This is our golden opportunity to keep telling our story and to get more good publicity for the island. Nantucket as a lovely summer resort is not news. Nantucket as a newly declared historical district is not news after the first newspaper stories have appeared, but the history of Nantucket presented graphically, as a community project has endless possibilities for newspaper and magazine, radio and television publicity. Each time "Epic" is mentioned, Nantucket is mentioned and alwys presented in a dignified way.

Taken in a long range view, it is a great commercial asset as it will conteract some of the unfortunate publicity the island has had in recent years and attract the right sort of visitor. It would be impossible to purchase the newspaper space which can be procured in this way.

Grace M. Henry

The primary purpose in presenting "Island Epic" is to acquaint both the summer visitors and Nantucket residents with the unique and interesting story of the island. It is well known that people will attend a play who will not read history. "Epic" is a good "variety show" which tells the story and amuses the audience.

Throughout the country there is a great renewal of interest in the nation's past. Attested by the crowds at Williamsburg and the success of historical plays such as "Epic" given in different parts of the country. In addition to this renewal of interest in miscellaneous American history at this time, Nantucket has been officially declared an historic district--and as such received nationwide publicity. This is our golden opportunity to keep telling our story and to get more good publicity for the island. Nantucket as a lovely summer resort is not news. Nantucket as a newly declared historical district is not news after the first newspaper stories have appeared, but the history of Nantucket presented graphically, as a community project has endless possibilities for newspaper and magazine, radio and television publicity. Each time "Epic" is mentioned, Nantucket is mentioned and always presented in a dignified way.

Taken in a long range view, it is a great commercial asset as it will counteract some of the unfortunate publicity the island has had in recent years and attract the right sort of visitor. It would be impossible to purchase the newspaper space which can be procured in this way.

Mrs. [illegible]

SUGGESTED PLAN FOR PUBLICITY

The Publicity has two objectives (1) To secure the interest of the community, good will and funds.

(2) To publicize the island through "Epic".
(1) To interest the public in Nantucket history.
(2) To create interest in the play itself.

(1) Publicity in the Community.

Newspaper publicity to stimulate interest in the project.

Tie ins and cooperative publicity efforts with other organizations such as the Nantucket Garden Club, Open house benefit for the hospital. The Atheneum, (Maria Mitchell angle) Historical Society exhibits.

Distribution of cards for sale of tickets.

In other words a concerted effort to get all of the residents both all year and summer to feel that they are a part of this project so that it will be truly a community undertaking.

(2) General Publicity

(This is off island publicity)

Medium of newspaper releases, feature stories in newspapers and magazines, ~~spot news announcements in radio and television broadcasts on Cape, Boston and Providence stations and channels. Possibly interviews about "Epic" on women's programs such as Louise Morgan's "Homemaker Show" on Channel 7, Boston, and several other T V and Radio shows where the principals are friends of Nantucket.~~

Music Script

PROUD ISLAND EPIC.

By - Margaret Georgia Fawcett.

(A Cyclorama of Nantucket's Past
From Indian Days to Summer Visitors.)

This play, in six episodes, is dedicated to the memories of the men and women who, by their integrity and courage have made Nantucket Island a firm base for our American beliefs in "Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."

Episode One - Search for Freedom - "Kachkesset"
Episode Two -"Nantucket Insurrection"- Fight for Justice
(from play "Man From Salem"by R.D.Wilson.)
Episode Three-"Keziah " -a woman of Courage
(from the play "Keziah" by R.D.Wilson.)
Episode Four - "The China Trade" - fore-runner of world-wide Tolerance .
Episode Five - "Maria Mitchell"- the perseverance of Vision.
Episode Six - " 'Sconset Heyday" - a lesson in Contentment.

(Poem at end of Episode I. by Elinor Dixon Glidden.)

Note -

The background of the material for the plays is authentic & most of the leading characters are real personages.- Sources for these facts have been as follows : -
"Nantucket Lands and Landowners" - by Worth
"Nantucket" - by Douglas Lithgow
" Quaint Nantucket" - by William R.Bliss
Edouard Stackpole's "The Sea-Hunters"

--- PROLOGUE to INTERLUDE 1 ---

PROUD ISLAND SAGA

by M. G. Fawcett.

(Sea music is heard softly in the distance)

(The Ghost of Nantucket's Past appears) (outside)

Ghost- I tell of an Island-
A sea girted strand,
Where, the high North winds whirl sharply,
The West wind's soft purring
Draws men with its luring
In quest of tranquility.

As a ship riding tides
Gives peace and calm rest;
So beach grass and sand dune,-
Deep anchored in spume
On fierce ocean's crest,-
Set far from a coast line
With shores over-crowded,
Makes distance seem blessed,
To those sore oppressed.

Scrim - Mrs Ketchum Douglas

IN I

(Music fades)

(3 Figures are seen - Ghost - Indian - Mary)

The Ghost of Nantucket's Past continues- (Stage Left)

To this Island, called Nantucket, men have come since the beginning of knowledge of the peoples of this continent. Down through the years they have sought it out as a refuge and a haven; men and women persecuted for their faith, or for their principles, and those harassed by the toil and moil of pressured places. Here they have found relief from tensions, and sometimes, even peace at heart. This I know, from the seeing and the telling of it, as I haunt these shores and pass hither and thither thro the lanes and streets and byways. There have been doings, great and small, and ups and downs, but the Island always has held its own, coming through the maze of many intricacies of fate, itself intact, belonging to no one save the sea. This remember - only to the sea that laps its shores, eats into its dunes with tides that come and go, - and that has built a ring of rips and bars to guard it safe from wave and storm. Who knows but Michabo, The Great Spirit of the Indians, decreed it thus,- that this Island be kept as a resting place of His own? To some, it may seem so.

Indian Chief - Speaks

First, of men, to venture to this Island with its curving shores, where no rugged rocks, nor steep precipices reach out to roil the tides, there came, before history can recount, the Indian people ~~who~~, following ~~the~~ sand-bars which that make a half circle from nearby sister Islands, they discovered this land's end. They found fish in its harbours, berried bushes on gently rolling hills- no vicious beasts, no bears nor foxes, no poisonous snakes, no dangerous cataracts, but pleasant ponds and well-protected harbours. And, it may have been

they had quarreled with their Chiefs and here, at an independent distance from the Mainland, they could make their own laws, and they liked it well and so they stayed.

Thomas Macy - Speaks

And later, when the White Strangers came to the continent called America, ~~they~~ We who had ~~pushed~~ sailed ~~their~~ OUR way across an ocean, seeking adventure and freedom to think and feel about ~~their~~ OUR God as each saw rightly, after ~~they~~ We had been settled in this land of wilderness and hope for some years, nine men of the town called Salisbury, in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, nine souls more independent and venturesome than most, bought the little Island, thirty miles at sea, from a man named Mayhew, who had it from a Lord Sterling, who had been given it by the King, for whom an enterprising mariner had claimed it. The nine purchasers had names that had been handed down for generations on that larger Island across the sea,- such as Coffin, Macy, Hussey, Swayne, Barnard, Greenleafe, Pike. With ~~Mayhew kept~~ keeping a share, ~~the~~ ten ~~others were asked to join them as partners, whose names~~ were Starbuck, Coleman, Bunker and the like. Four of these men and their wives and children set sail from Salisbury on a June day in 1659. Arriving at the island called Martha's Vineyard, they added to their party, one Peter Folger who had had much intercourse with the Island tribes and knew their ways. Late the next afternoon in the blue waters off the North Shore of the Island, then called Natocket, between Capaum Harbour and the western end called Madaket, the small open boat dropped anchor, and the men waded ashore-

(Lights fade)

Music

~~Indian Theme~~

?Swf

they had quarreled with their Orkers and here, as an independent dominion from the Kalahand, they could make their own laws, and they lived it well and as they stayed.

Thomas Mace - Sparks

And later, when the United Sandgate came to the continent called America, they who had passed under my across in seven, seeking adventure and freedom to think and feel about what God is seek aright, after they had been settled in this land of wilderness and hope for some years, this man of his town called Salisbury, in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, also sorts were independent and venturesome than most, fought the little Talons, thirty miles at sea, from a man named Mayhew, who had it from a land grantee, who had been given it by the King, for whom in corporation-serious had claimed it. The nine proprietors had never that had been mentioned for generations on that larger Island across the sea, - such as Griffin, Mary, Hunter, Swayne, Barnard, Greenleaf, Pike, Hayden-Hall's shares, his two others were called to join them in our years. These were the Stevens, Coleman, Sumner and the line. Four of these men and their wives and children met well from Salisbury on a sunny day in July. Arriving at the island called Martha's Vineyard, they moved to their party, one Peter Folger who had had much intercourse with the Indians tribes and knew their ways. Late the coast offerings in the blue waters off the North Shore of the Island, then called Nantucket, between Sugar Harbor and the Sachem and called Madaket, the small open boat dropped anchor, and the men waded ashore-

(Lizzie Fuhs)

Drums - Music music music

Interlude 2

(Ghost of the Past appears)

(at right of stage)
Light comes up on 3 figures-
Ghost - Macy & Indian)

Ghost-Of-The-Past

And so they came- and some stayed out that first winter- and when the cold days bore in on them, and the North East wind blew, they rode out the storms in their lean-to shacks, their temporary home, as does a ship at sea. By the next summer, when the air grew balmy once again, as it ever does, it drew more men and their families, until the ten proprietors were building the homes. They had laid out their house lots, twenty acres each along the ponds, to have water handy, the ~~fresh water ponds~~ that stretch from their Capaum Harbour across the gentle moorland to the South Shore and the open ocean. And they called the town Sherbourne. The wood to build their houses they found growing hard by, and sand for plaster, but the bricks for chimneys and their chairs and beds, their looms and their utensils had to be brought in their small boats- ~~only small boats then~~. And their cattle,-and later sheep- all in the small boats over miles of water. But they liked it here- and stayed on. Each man made his alloted contribution for the welfare of all. The ten proprietors kept control and the Chief Magistrate of them all was Tristram Coffin. The land was parceled out so that no one would possess too much. / The Indian Chief Speaks / But, ~~it is it~~ more land was weaned from the Indians, the Chiefs signing deeds to each others' land, but not to their own, and having no understanding of the English law of ownership of property, believed that after they died, the use of the land would return to their children. / Macy Speaks / And to assist in the growth of the settlement, artisans and tradesmen, weavers and millers and fishermen were invited to settle, for which

IN 2

(Ghost of the Past appears) (at right of stage)
Light comes up on 3 figures-
Ghost - Mary & Indian)

Ghost-Of-The-Past

And so they came- and soon stayed out that first winter- and when the cold days bore in on them, and the North East wind blew, they rode out the storms in their lean-to shacks, their temporary homes, as does a ship at sea. By the next summer, when the air grew balmy once again, as it ever does, it drew more men and their families, until the ten proprietors were building homes. They had laid out their home lots, twenty acres each along the parks, to have water handy, the [illegible] that stretch from their Cocoma Harbour across the gentle moorland to the South Shore and the open ocean. And they sailed the town Shrewsbury. The wood to build their homes they found growing hard by, one stand for planter, but the bricks for chimneys and their chattels and beds, their items and their utensils had to be brought in their small boats- only small boats then. And their cattle,-and later sheep- all in the small boats over miles of water. But they liked it here- and stayed on. Each man made his allotted contribution for the welfare of all. The ten proprietors kept control and the Chief Magistrate of them all was Tristram Griffin. The land was parceled out so that no one would possess too much. But, [illegible] more land was wanted from the Indians, the Chiefs signing deeds to each others' land, but not their own, and having no understanding of the English law of ownership of property, believed that after they died, the use of the land would return to their children. And to assist in the growth of the settlement, artisans and tradesmen, weavers and millers and fishermen were invited to settle, for which

they received a half-share in the voice of the government. Amongst these, coming to pursue the trade of cod-fishing, was one John Gardner, who set sail from Salem for Nantucket Island, with his wife Priscilla and his five children. All was to his liking save his half-share in the say of Town affairs,- and so he came to grips with Mr. Tristram Coffin. A conflict ensued, and, in time, John turned out to be the leader in the revolt of the half-share men. How well he was aided and abetted by his friend and mentor, Peter Folger, we shall see. John had built himself a house on high ground north east of Capaum Harbour- where Priscilla is now holding forth---

(Fade out)

(Page one)

TOPIC---

Great Yarmouth a half-crown at the price of the Restaurant. Amongst
other Yarmouth and the Lion Hotel. All was of the finest over
quality, who was said that Colman's Mustard Malting, with the
stamp, showing to income the stage of dog-fighting, was one upon
Norfolk, on which was, John had built Blackwell's house on high
Mon-day at now which has bought by the Bristol Bus Company. Later
which the. Intending Cattle. A conflict ensued, but, in fine, upon
forced out to be the landed in the tower to the half-crown now.
Mon-day to be the Bristol Bus Company. Later
Norfolk, on which was. John had built Blackwell's house on high
Mon-day to demand Restaurant- crude provisions in non notorious
Yarmouth---

PROUD ISLAND SAGA

Episode I.

Kachkosset - At the Beginning.

The Scene takes place on the North Shore of Natocket Island, near Capaum Harbor, in the year 1659. High sand dunes are in the background, with the sea beyond.

Characters

Peter Folger -

Thomas Macy -

Edward Starbuck -

Abigail Macy -

Felix Kuttashimaquat

Sachem Nanahuma

Sachem Nickanoose

FLOUD ISLAND SAGA

Episode I.

Kuchkosset - At the Beginning.

The Scene takes place on the North Shore of Natucket Island, near Capsum Harbor, in the year 1650. High sand dunes are in the background, with the sea beyond.

Characters

Peter Folger -

Thomas Macy -

Edward Starbuck -

Abigail Macy -

Felix Nuttenkimequet

Sachem Manisuma

Sachem Nipkanzose

When curtain rises an Indian is seated on top of one of the dunes, looking out to sea. This is Felix Kuttashimaquat, dressed in homespun shirt, and trousers and moccasins.

After sitting motionless for a few seconds he slowly descends from the dune and walking around it, appears again on stage, from the Left. He stands with arms folded, as if expecting someone, but in no way showing a threatening manner.

After another few seconds,--three men, in single file, come between the dunes. First Peter Folger, then Thomas Macy, and next Edward Starbuck. They are all men in their early forties, dressed in short trousers, and loose shirts. They come cautiously.

Peter - (Under his breath, as others follow behind him)

Go slow. -

(Taking another few steps, and with hand raised, slowly greets the Indian)

I greet you Felix Kuttashimaquat.

Kuttashimaquat- Welcome, White-man Peter, to Natocket - land far away at sea.

Peter - It's well named - land far away at sea - we've been most all the day in an open boat, coming from the Vineyard - across wide water - the short way.

Kuttashima - I come - canoe - to Muskeget, - to Ruckernuckett--to Natocket - long way around - make short way.

Peter - Too many sand-bars for big boat that way. But we got here anyhow. You tell Sachem Nickanoose we come?

Kuttashima - I tell him, and I tell Sachem Wanackmanack, who live in occawa, Indian village, at far end near Wannasquam. He too old to come - send Sachem Nanahuma.

Peter - Good thing you're here. No Kuttashimaquat - no talk with Sachems.

(Turns and indicates that others step to his side)

When curtain rises an Indian is seated on top of one of the dunes, looking out to sea. This is Felix Nuttashimquat, dressed in homespun shirt, and trousers and moccasins.

After sitting motionless for a few seconds he slowly descends from the dune and walking around it, appears again on stage, from the left. He stands with arms folded, as if expecting someone, but in no way showing a threatening manner.

After another few seconds--three men, in single file, come between the dunes. First Peter Folger, then Thomas Macy, and next Edward Starbuck. They are all men in their early forties, dressed in short trousers, and loose shirts. They come cautiously.

Peter - (Under his breath, as others follow behind him)

Go slow. -

(Taking another few steps, and with hand raised, slowly greets the Indian)

I greet you Felix Nuttashimquat.

Nuttashimquat- Welcome, White-man Peter, to Nutcoket - land far away at sea.

Peter - It's well named - land far away at sea - we've been

most all the day in an open boat, coming from the Vineyard -

across wide water - the short way.

Nuttashim - I come - canoe - to Muskeget - to Nunkerunuckett--to

Nutcoket - long way around - make short way.

Peter - Too many sand-bars for big boat that way. But we got here

anyhow. You tell Sachem Nickanoose we come?

Nuttashim - I tell him, and I tell Sachem Wannalancet, who live in

cocawe, Indian village, at far end near Wannaquam. He too

old to come - send Sachem Nannuwa.

Peter - Good thing you're here. No Nuttashimquat - no talk with

Sachems.

(Turns and indicates that others step to his side)

These are friends - Thomas Macy and Edward Starbuck - my friends - Indians friends.

(To others)

This is Felix Kuttashimaquat, who lives on the Vineyard, and who I asked to join us here.

Kuttashima - Welcome - friends of White-man Peter.

Macy - We're thankful for your welcome, Felix. And thankful we are to be here too. We like this Island, and plan to live here. We've the deed for the land we bought and --

Starbuck-(Breaking in and showing bag of money which he carries)

Yes, and here's the silver - the rest of the purchase money that was promised -

Folger -Hold on - hold on!

(Steps nearer to others)
This here Felix can't understand a lot of fast English talk - and he's only the interpreter, not one of the Island Chiefs -

(Turns back to Felix)

Kuttashimaquat, where Sachems? You bring us to them?

Kuttashima- Sachems come -

(Turning slowly - facing off left, he raises first one arm, then the other, and signals to someone in distance)

Macy - (Who has moved over, Right, with Starbuck, speaks quietly, as they watch, off Left)

I'd feel easier in my mind if Folger hadn't persuaded us to to leave our muskets in the boat.

Starbuck - But Folger ought to know, - he's had more dealings with these Indians than any of us, and if he and Tristram Coffin found them friendly when they were here last year I see no reason to be apprehensive now.

THOSE ARE TITLES - THOSE WERE MADE BY EDWARD STORPACK - WE
TITLES - INSIDE TITLES.
(TO OTHER)
AND THEY'RE ALWAYS ON THE ALTOVERTY.
KAFFERSMITH - WELCOME - TITLES OF MULTI-MAN TEAM.
WE'RE THANKFUL FOR YOUR WELCOME, PEPIX. AND THANKFUL WE
MACK - ARE TO BE HERE. WE LIKE THIS ISLAND, AND FREN TO LIVE
HERE. WE'VE HAD GOOD TIME HERE ON THE ISLAND OR PONDER AND --
STORPACK-(PRONOUNCE IN AND SPEAKING BUT OF WOMEN WITH OR OTHER)
YES, BUT THOSE SIGNS THE ALTOVER - THE TEST OF THE PHILOSOPHER
- BOSLOWS THAT WE PROMISED -
PEPIX- HOLD ON - HOLD ON!
(SPOKE MOMENT TO OTHER)
THIS HERE PEPIX GIVES MEMORANDUM A LOT OF USE ENGLISH
FUN - BUT HOW SIGN THE IMPORTATOR, NOT ONE OF THE ISLAND
CONTEST -
(TURN BACK TO PEPIX)
KAFFERSMITH- SPEAKS SOME SPANISH; NOT TRYING BY TO SPEAK;
(TURNING ALWAYS - TRYING TIL TIME, PO ENJOYS TITLES-
SOME WAY HOW THE OTHER, THE SIGNS OF SOMEONE AT
STRANGE)
MACK - (WHO HAS MOVED OVER, HIGH WITH STORPACK, ABOUNE DIRECTLY
ON THE HEAD OF THE TEAM)
I'D LOOK OVER AT WE BUILD IT PEPIX HOPING BEWARED BY TO
CAN LOOK TWO MUSKETS AT THE BOAT.
STORPACK - (BUT THERE ONE OF KNOW - HOW SIGNS BOD MORE QUESTIONS WITH
SPEAKS INDIANS WHO OUT OF BY THE AND IT DO BUG TITLES CONTIN
TOUND SPOW TITLEWIN MORE SPEY MORE POTO JUST VERY I SEE ON
MORSON TO DO EXPERIENCE NOW.

Macy - It may be because of the women and children in the boat that makes me think of danger. With Massasoit's men, on the mainland, there are always some who are up to trickery. Its hard to trust them. It might have been better not to bring our families until we were more sure.

Starbuck - The change will do them good for the summer months, and if these red-men prove too troublesome we can return before winter sets in.

Macy - Where to?!-- Never will I go back to Salisbury, after what's happened. And the rest of the continent a wilderness - or settlements riddled with enmity and narrowness - the same as what we left in England.

Starbuck - (Pointing off Left) Here they come - only two, they look harmless enough.

(The two Sachems Nanahuma and Nickanoose appear from Left-- coming slowly. They are dressed the same as Kuttashimaquat, except they have bands around the head with a large gull feather sticking straight up in back)

Kuttashima - (Speaks quickly, bowing in greeting)
Patch-casid-u-way - Sachem Nickanoose - Nanahuma.

Nickanoose - Patch-casid-u-way.

Kuttashima - (Turning to Peter Folger)
White-man Peter,- pocoy.

Nanhuma - Patch-casid-u-way.

(Peter steps towards them - raising his hand in salute)

Peter - Sachem Nickanoose - Sachem Nanahuma - pocoy.

(Nickanoose indicates they sit. While they are taking their places in a circle, Peter steps over th Macy and Starbuck)

Peter - (Quietly) Let me have the deed and that map. No, not the money-bag, yet. And you two keep your own counsel, for a spell longer. -

Mary - It may be because to the women and children in the boat
that makes me think of danger. With Massachusetts' men,
the mainland's there are always some who go up to stay.
It isn't hard to start them. It might have been hard for us to
point two families until we were more sure.

Sherlock - The engine will do that good for the summer months and
if there leg-men prove too cumbersome we can return helpers
without more ado.

Mary - Where do I go back to Baltimore? Never mind I go back to Baltimore
without a happened. And the rest to the assistance a
milkmen - or sophisticated tiddled with smutty and worm-
man - the same as what we left in England.

Sherlock - (Pointing off L.1) Here they come - only two. They look
permissable enough.

(The two Sachems Mandrake and Nickanoose appear from L.1.--
comic alarm. They are dressed the same as Kaffarampus'
except that have beads strung and head with a large bill
tomahawk attached up in back)

Kaffarampus - (Speaks darkly, pointing in Sherlock)
Torch-bearer-u-way - Sachem Nickanoose - Mandrake.

Nickanoose - Torch-bearer-u-way.

Kaffarampus - (Turning to Peter Porter)
Multo-man Torch - book.

Mandrake - Torch-bearer-u-way.

(Peter sees Sherlock - Leaving his hand in sulks)

Peter - Sachem Nickanoose - Sachem Mandrake - book.

(Nickanoose indicates they are. Mutto they are looking their
princess in a circle. Peter sees Mary in Mandrake and Sherlock)

Peter - (Calmly) Let me have the book and that man. No, not the
woman-page, yet. And you keep your eye on Jonas, not a
about Tobias.

Mary - It may be because to the women and children in the boat
that makes me think of danger. With Massachusetts' men,
the mainland's there are always some who go up to stay.
It isn't hard to start them. It might have been hard for us to
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Multo-man Torch - book.

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(Nickanoose indicates they are. Mutto they are looking their
princess in a circle. Peter sees Mary in Mandrake and Sherlock)

Peter - (Calmly) Let me have the book and that man. No, not the
woman-page, yet. And you keep your eye on Jonas, not a
about Tobias.

(He crosses back to the group of Indians, who are sitting in a circle. He sits cross-legged, as they do. After quite a pause some words are exchanged, and later Peter spreads out the map. But in the meanwhile Macy and Starbuck are the only ones heard by audience)

Macy - If they're too long at this consultation the others'll be getting restless.

Starbuck - You can't rush and Indian into an agreement. I've learnt that much about them in my twenty years in the wilderness.

Macy - But Tristram Coffin already had the matter agreed upon, and has paid half the money.

Starbuck- I know, but it's best to take every precaution, now that we've come to stay.

(Macy looks out over the land in front and stretches out his arms enthusiastically)

Macy - And I want to stay! This air breathes easily - ! It is sweet smelling, too - ! And this great plain - for grazing land, - with no huge trees to uproot before we can plant corn. Oh - 'tis a benign isle that has a welcome for a man!

(Woman's voice is heard from back of dunes)

Abigail Macy- (Off stage) Thomas - ! Thomas! Where are you?

(She comes into view - a thin young woman on the frail side, carrying a baby. Her skirts are tucked up into her belt and she is bare legged)

Macy - Abby - what brings you here before the negotiations are settles?

Abby - (Hurries to him)
A calamity - a calamity has happened ! - I waded ashore - I had to -

(He crosses back to the Front of Lindsay's who sits
sitting in a chair. He sits cross-legged on floor
do. Pitch dotted a bound sense sits excessively
and forth Topsy strange out the man. But it the
measurable Mack and Sprunck sits the old Lynn sane hand
yd unknown)

Mack - It doesn't do you some of this conversation the opera.
to Sapphic Lesbians.

Sprunck - I don't know and Lindsay this as ugliness. I've
looking that man-up such mean it we twenty-ninth
millionaires.

Mack - But Tiberius Collins already had the master bedroom
room and had left the woman.

Sprunck- I know, but it's best to take every precaution, now
that we've come to stay.

(Mack looks out over the land in front and shrugs
ironically)

Mack - Yes, I know. Into the pocket and yellow a cotton
I - 1 bonnaqua and yellow a cotton bobbin
- Id bnd I -

Mack - 1 - yes, yellow. Into the pocket 1 - cot sunflower
is sweet summer. 1 - cot bnd this Stone Brain - Tot
ow ortod tooth of stone cut dirt on sunn - hand Sunlit
Stone hand. Do - ifit a laughing lake that and a
can hand more. 1nam a tot omcolow.

(sunn to bnd more brand is color s'namow)
(Monsun s color is hand tit mow bank to dunes)

Mack - Yes, Lindsay 110) Tmmrnt 1 - smmrnt Tmmrnt! Now orto ots
(ogde sgnds) Tmmrnt 1 - smmrnt Tmmrnt! Now orto ots
;ucy

Lint and no mmmw gunoy nind a - wolv (tnt smmo ond
ots bonbnd qu tnto
sids' ontlyind a bnlytmo ,ydnd a pupy. Non sktrts ots tnokod
(bogsot ortd si ode bns dlod tolBog)
not' pofp and ots is pnto tolBog
snotstnotsgom ond otoxtod otod uoy sgnitd snbw - yddy - Mocy
ots sotlsoe
(mln od sotrtnH)
ontsno bobow I - 1 bonoqqnd and yymmotno s - yymmotno A - yddA
- I bnd 1 -

(She turns and sees the circle of Indians and Folger in conference. They take no apparent notice of Her)

Oh - ! The Indians - what will they think of me!

(She tries to pull down her skirts)

Macy- Never mind the petticoats - what is it that's wrong?

Abby - The children grew boisterous. I did my best to keep them quiet - but all day in an open boat - well - Richard got to stomping around and kicked over our water jug. Now out share of the water is gone - and the children are waxing hungry and thirsty and -

(she burries her face in her arms where child lays sleeping?

What shall we do! ?

Macy - 'Tis ever thus with you Abby! "What shall we do"!

(He paces back and forth)

Starbuck- There is water on the Island, Abigail - don't fret - . Peter Folger 'll tell us where it is - there are springs I know -

(He crosses to Peter)

Peter, what of the springs? We'll be needing water before anything else. Can you find out right away from the Chiefs where's the nearest spring?

Peter - Yes, yes, they got plenty of springs here. Water's no hazard. - Wait I'll ask -

(turns to others)

Kuttashimaquot - ask Sachem where is nearest ashimmo?

Kuttashima - Sachem Nickanoose - ashimmo?

Nickanoose - Ashimmo - bocochico - quanata -

(Points off Right)

Kuttashima- (To Peter) Spring below long hill near -

Peter- I understand "bocochico" - near harbor. I remember now - we found it last year.

(Turns to Starbuck) It's a few paces over that hill near the harbor. When we finish I'll take you to it.

(The others have heard Peter)

Macy - (To Abby, spreading out his hands in exasperation) You see - ?!

Abby- It may be there's water, and enough. But what else? You must be addled to come way off here to this barren strip of sand to find a home! I begged you to turn back to the continent Thomas - even Salisbury would be better than this!

Macy - You suggest we return to Salisbury to be dragged into court to be fined again?!

Abby- It wouldn't happen again.

Macy- And why not? - You'd discover more rainsoaked Quakers standing at your door and you'd take them in, just as you did before.

Abby- You'd have done the same thing yourself - they looked so cold and sickly.

(turns to Starbuck)
And Mr. Starbuck - what harm is there in Quakers? They don't even believe in fighting!

Macy- Aye! - But I was hawled into court all the same! What's fair and decent about that?! Didn't we sail way over here from our native England so we could believe and act as we deemed right?! Not to be dictated to - not to be told who we can take under our own roof! It makes my blood boil every time I think of it!

Kuttenbinn- (To Peter) Spring below long hill near -

Peter- I understand "Doonbloo" - near harbor. I remember now - we found it last year.

(Turns to Starbuck) It's a few paces over that hill near the harbor. When we finish I'll take you to it.

(The others have heard Peter)

Mary - (To Abby, spreading out his hands in exasperation) You see - ?!

Abby- It may be there's water, and enough. But what else? You must be addled to come way off here to this barren strip of sand to find a home! I begged you to turn back to the continent thence - even Salisbury would be better than this!

Mary - You suggest we return to Salisbury to be dragged into court to be fined again?!

Abby- It wouldn't happen again.

Mary- And why not? - You'd discover more reinstated Quakers standing at your door and you'd take them in, just as you did before.

Abby- You'd have done the same thing yourself - they looked so cold and sickly.

(turns to Starbuck)
And Mr. Starbuck - what harm is there in Quakers? They don't even believe in fighting!

Mary- Ayes! - But I was hauled into court all the same! What's fair and decent about that?! Didn't we sail way over here from our native England so we could believe and act as we deemed right?! Not to be dictated to - not to be told who we can take under our own roof! It makes my blood boil every time I think of it!

Starbuck - If a man can't have the say in his own house - where else? And a man must be free to believe the truth, as he sees it, and to voice his beliefs. They've hounded me out of Dover, - first in England - then from the colony of Dover in New Hampshire - All because I cannot say I believe baptism is essential to salvation - ! How do we know - how can we know for certain?!

Macy - But here - we'll have our own say - we'll govern ourselves. The whole Island is ours - the ten of us and our ten partners - and with the purchase price only 30 pounds.

Starbuck - And two beaver hats - don't forget!

Abby - Why did Mr. Mayhew want <u>two</u> beaver hats? One lasts a life time.

Macy - One is for his wife., - and with beaver hats valued at five pounds each - making it forty pounds - for approximately 1500 acres of rolling land - a small kingdom here in the midst of the ocean - a minature England - and all our own!!

Abby - (To them quietly - pointing to the Indians with her elbow)
But what of them - and their families - they're here?

Macy - They're but savages - and there's room enough for all. We'll have no trouble with them. - Their village is at the other end of the Island and we're buying this end from them - paying a good round sum - 12 pounds.

Abby - (Still not convinced)
But there must be others? How many? Does any one know?

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Abby - (Still not convinced)
But there must be others? How many? Does any one know?

Starbuck - No more than a thousand, we understand, with the women and children.

Abby - No more'n a thousand! You two stand here on this barren sandy hummock and tell me you've brought us, your wives and all our children - miles and miles at sea - to live among a thousand red-skins?! Forsooth - all they have to do is to scalp us and throw us over the bluff into the ocean and who'd be the wiser?!!!!

Macy - Abigail - you're shaming me with your timidity! We have muskets and gun-powder - they have none. If they should turn out to be treacherous we can pick them off easily.

Starbuck - Abigail, calm yourself, - its been as good as proved that these two tribes here are not war-like. They have no ambitions - they've more fish and grazing land than they need, and, so long as they're let alone, they'll not wish to molest anyone.

(Nickanoose has brought out his peace-pipe and has started it around the group sitting on the ground, at Left)

Macy - Only to look at these men you can tell they're a deal less savage and war-like than King Phillip's men. We'll be a lot better off on this Island than on the continent - you'll see -I have a feeling of freedom and safety here already that I've felt no where else.

Abigail - Free and safe maybe - safe and free we shall see- but - where are we to lay our heads? - We'e left a house with a fine high roof over our head - and doors

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Abigail - Free and safe maybe - safe and free we shall see- but - where are we to lay our heads? - We'e left a house with a fine high roof over our head - and doors

and windows - and curtains at the windows - and a hearth - we've left a home - and here - what -?!

Macy - Patience, Abigail - patience, woman! - I will build us a home - with even a higher roof - and leaded panes in the windows - and sun will be coming though every pane - and the West wind will come through the door softly - and the sea will temper the cold and -

Abigail - Yes, yes, Thomas, I know all your dreams - but to-night - now - where are we to sleep to-night- The sun in the West is already at the horizon - the air cools -

Starbuck - We had hopes to dig out a hillock and roof it over before sundown - but -

Macy - That's what we brought those board for - But now - it would seem that we'll be sleeping in the boat to-night.

Abigail - We may be rightly in the boat - if the children don't wake and fall overboard - but I doubt me if we sleep any!!

Macy - Well - so be it! Get you back to the others and tell them to make preparations for a fire on the beach and -

Abigail - Already Mary Starbuck has that under say - . She send the children digging for clams - she thinks its all a great lark - and she's haveing a splendid time being captain on the boat and leading the proceedings on the beach, giving nobody any peace!

Starbuck - (Amused) - Tell Mary from me not to overstep herself, and not to be forgetting who is the captain in our family. -

and windows - and curtains at the windows - and a hearth - we've left a home - and here - what -?!

Mary - Patience, Abigail - patience, woman! - I will build us a home - with even a higher roof - and loaded pines in the windows - and sun will be coming through every pane - and the West wind will come through the door softly - and the sea will temper the cold and -

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Starbuck - (Amused) - Tell Mary from me not to overstep herself, and not to be forgetting who is the captain in our family. -

Abigail - With you and Thomas disappearing in these sand dunes, and Isaac and James only sitting and smoking their pipes, someone had to take charge, to be sure! (As she starts to go the other group breaks up. They rise and Abigail stops to watch them. Peter holding the deed comes forward)

Starbuck - Well - Peter -?

Peter - 'Tears we got it all settled to everyone's satisfaction. You're to stay at your end here on this plain and they'll stay at the East and central part. There's enough water and wood and grazing land, - if too many don't come aboard. - Here's the deed - and the place for you two to sign

Macy - And here's the six pounds - sterling -

Peter - (Taking bag hands it to Kuttashimaquat)
Here - Kuttashimaquat, you better count this for the Sachems -
(Kuttashimaquat takes bag and sits on ground counting out silver coins)
(Meanwhile Macy and Starbuck have spread the deed on their knees and are signing their names)
(At the same time the Chiefs have come closer staring at Abigail and at the bundle in her arms that she is fondling. Though frightened a little she finally uncovers the baby so the two Chiefs can see him. They stare at him for a few seconds. Peter watches

Nanhuma - (To Peter)
Natocket canopache papoose.

Abigail - With you and Thomas disappearing in those sand dunes, and Isaac and James only sitting and smoking their pipes, someone had to take charge, to be sure!
(As she starts to go the other group breaks up. They rise and Abigail stops to watch them. Peter holding the dead goose forward)

Starbuck - Well - Peter ?

Peter - There we got it all settled to everyone's satisfaction. You're to stay at your end here on this plain and they'll stay at the East end contral part. There's enough water and wood and grazing land, - if too many don't come aboard. - Here's the dead - and the place for you two to sign

Mary - And here's the six pounds - sterling -

Peter - (Taking bag hands it to Nattashimaquat)
Here - Nattashimaquat, you better count this for the Sachems -
(Nattashimaquat takes bag and sits on ground counting out silver coins)
(Meanwhile Mary and Starbuck have spread the dead or their knees and are signing their names)
(At the same time the Chiefs have come closer staring at Abigail and at the bundle in her arms that she is fondling. Though frightened a little she finally uncovers the baby as the two Chiefs are see him. They stare at him for a few seconds. Peter watches

Nashuna - (To Peter)
Matchokot ownpsanho papoose.

Peter- Sachem says Natocket place of peace for your baby.

Nanahuma - Papoose pakapanessa.

Peter - He says the baby will grow big and healthy here.

(Abigail looks up at him and smiles)

Kuttashimaquat - (Has risen - hands bag of money to Nanahuma)

Nanahuma - Pocoy Pocoy, (takes bag) (turns to others with hand raised)

Patch - casid-u-way!

Nickanoose - (Doing the same)

Patch-casid - u-way!

(They turn with great dignity and stride off - Left)

(The others watch them - especially Peter -)

Peter - (Speaking slowly almost to himself)
'Pears to me you've given away more than you know.

Starbuck - (Somewhat indignantly)

We bought it fairly -

Peter - (Sweeping his gaze over the land and sea)

Yes, and you've bought more than you realize -

(The rays from the setting sun light up the West.

They one by one turn toward the sea as strains of

slow music are heard and a voice far off Right

Voice- (Calling softly from distance - at Right)

No man can dispose of this land -

Voice- (From - Left - far-away)

No one can buy this strip of sand -

Voice- (From Right - as before)

It may be abused by man -

(From Right, as before)

To many it will be loaned

Peter- Saskam says Matoaket place of peace for your baby.

Nanaiuma - Papoose pakapuneesa.

Peter - He says the baby will grow big and healthy here.

(Abigail looks up at him and smiles)

Kuttashimequat - (Has taken - hands bag of money to Nanaiuma)

Nanaiuma - Poosy (takes bag) (turns to others with hand raised)

Poosy.

Patch - oasis u-way!

Nickanoose - (Doing the same)

Patch-oasis - u-way!

(They turn with great dignity and stride off - left)

(The others watch them - especially Peter -)

Peter - (Speaking slowly almost to himself)
'Tears to me you've given away more than you know.

Starbuck - (Somewhat indignantly)

We bought it fairly -

Peter - (Sweeping his gaze over the land and sea)

Yes, and you've bought more than you realize -

(The rays from the setting sun light up the West.
They one by one turn toward the sea as strains of
slow music are heard and a voice far off Right

Voice- (Calling softly from distance - at Right)

No man can dispose of this land -

Voice- (From - Left - far-away)

No one can buy this strip of sand -

Voice- (From Right - as before)

It may be shared by man -

(From Right, as before)

To many it will be loaned

Voice - (From Left - as sea-music rises in tone)

But only by the sea is it owned!

(More music as lights dim)

Voice - "My beloved is an Island, and I the Pirate Sea
Keep her captive, fair and lonely, captive of the Pirate Sea.
I fill her arms with roses, when June moon's riding high.
I ring her dark with sapphire, for a Buccaneer am I.
I storm her fragrant moorland with my strength of salty love,
Forever and forever, while the white gulls wheel above."

(from poem by Elinor Dixon Glidden)

(Black-out)

Voice - (From left - as sea-music rises in tone)

But only by the sea is it owned!

(More music as lights dim)

Voice - "My beloved is an island, and I the Pirate Sea
Keep her captive, fair and lonely, captive of the
Pirate Sea.
I fill her arms with roses, when June moon's
riding high.
I ring her dark with sapphire, for a Buccaneer am I,
I storm her fragrant moorland with my strength of
sally love,
Forever and forever, while the white gulls wheel
above."

(From poem by Elinor Mixon Gladden)

(Black-out)

EPISODE 2

THE MAN FROM SALEM

By - R.D.Wilson

Characters

John Gardner - - - - - - - - (Half-share man)
Priscilla Gardner- - - - - (His wife)
Mary Gardner - - - - - - - - (His daughter - aged 12)
Peter Folger - - - - - - - - (Half-share man)
Tristram Coffin- - - - - - (Chief Magistrate)
First Townsman -
Second Townsman-

Scene is the kitchen-living-room of John Gardner' house in Sherburne, on the North shore of Nantucket Island in the year 1690. The large brick fireplace, in rear wall, is used for cooking as well as heating, and is filled with a crane and iron pot, and other utensils for cooking. Plain pine table and stools are in the center of room. Doors Right and Left. The door at Right leads to the outdoors.

(When curtain rises Mary is found in front of fireplace, trying to read a book by the light of the fire. After a short pause Priscilla Gardner, her mother, enters quickly, from Left)

PRISCILLA

Mary, you'd better be going in to bed. It's getting late. The good Lord knows where your father is. I've had his supper warm and cold and warm and cold seven times now and still he's not come home. It must be after eight o'clock: a fine time for a man to be coming in to his supper.

MARY

It may be he met with someone, mother. It may be he met with Peter Folger.

PRISCILLA

Of course he met with Peter Folger. Was your father ever late, or was ever anything wrong since we've been here but what Peter Folger wasn't in it? I think if I hear Peter Folger, or see Peter Folger again I'll.... Good night, Mary.

MARY

Good night, Mother

PRISCILLA

Peter Folger this and Peter Folger that. Peter Folger all over the house. Look at this litter of boards right here in my own keeping room: that's Peter Folger too.

MARY

That's only his newest invention, mother.

PRISCILLA

Good night, Mary.

MARY

Good night, Mother.
(Exit Mary)

PRISCILLA

Boards, nails, hatchets, hammer. That man has more inventions than a cat has kittens. I don't know why he has to have his inventions in my house.

(John enters in high spirits)

Why so full of mirth. John Gardner?

JOHN

Priscilla, I have some great, good news.

PRISCILLA

So have I some news. But it's neither great nor good nor mirthful. You're late, and I'll lay a pound to a haddock it's that Peter Folger again.

JOHN

Peter's following right behind. He'll be here presently.

PRISCILLA

Oh, he's following right behind. And he'll be here. I suppose he'll always be here. I suppose....

PETER

(Entering)
How'm you, Priscilla? Fine, fair evening.

PRISCILLA

A finer, fairer evening I never saw, Mr. Folger. And how are all your family? Have you seen any of them lately?

MARY

Good night, Mother

PRUDENCIA

Peter Polgar this and Peter Polgar that. Peter Polgar all over the house; look at this litter of boards right here in my own sleeping room that's Peter Polgar too.

MARY

That's only his newest invention, mother.

PRUDENCIA

Good night, Mary.

MARY

Good night, Mother.
(Exit Mary)

PRUDENCIA

Boards, nails, bacteria, hammer. That man has more inventions than a cat has kittens. I don't know why he has to have his inventions in my house.

(John enters in high spirits)

Why do you all get drunk, John Gardner?

JOHN

Prudentia, I have some great, good news.

PRUDENCIA

So have I some news. But it's neither great nor good nor mirthful. You're late, and I'll lay a pound to a haddock it's that Peter Polgar again.

JOHN

Peter's following right behind. He'll be here presently.

PRUDENCIA

Oh, he's following right behind. And he'll be here. I suppose he'll always be here. I suppose...

JOHN

(Entering)
How's you, Prudentia? Fine, fair evening.

PRUDENCIA

I think's fairer evening I never saw, Mr. Polgar. And how are all your family? Have you seen any of them lately?

JOHN

Just wait 'till I tell you what's happened, Priscilla....

PRISCILLA

Start right in on your supper, John.

JOHN

I want no more than a bite. There's been a vessel just returned from New York....

PRISCILLA

Mr. Folger, likely you've not had your supper, now have you?

PETER

Let me see---did I or didn't I have my supper.....

PRISCILLA

No, of course you've not. Sit right down; there's plenty. Oh, there's always plenty at the Gardner house.

~~PETER~~

~~No, by God, I didn't have my supper.~~

~~PRISCILLA~~

~~It may be warm and it may be cold. If it's warm it's a wonder. If it's cold it's too bad.~~

JOHN

Hark, Priscilla! I have news to tell you.....

PRISCILLA

What is it, John? I can't stand here all night waiting to hear it.

JOHN

We've just had word New York has been seized by the Dutch.

PETER

Aye, Priscilla; it's the truth, so help me.

PRISCILLA

Is that the news?

JOHN

That's the news, and better news I never heard.

PRISCILLA

The Dutch can have New York, for all I care. It's nothing to me. You write letters there, slandering Tristram Coffin; he writes letters there slandering you, and that's about all it's good for as far as I can see.

JOHN

Ah, but wait! There's more to it. The Dutch have overrun the place. They've thrown Lovelace into prison. There's turmoil everywhere. It's wonderful.

PRISCILLA

It sounds delightful! Have they burned all the houses too, and killed the inhabitants?

JOHN

I haven't heard as to that, But don't you see how it stands? There's now no government at York. That means Coffin is without authority, and there's rightly no government here! This is an opportunity.

PRISCILLA

John, you're up to something.

JOHN

I certainly am, Priscilla. I don't yet know exactly what it will be; but it will be something.

PRISCILLA

Oh, you'll find out soon enough what it will be. I'm sure you'll be able to think of enough mischief in five minutes to keep us all in trouble forever. And I'm sure there's somebody else who will remind you of whatever mischief you happen to overlook, And I'm sure that between the two of you you'll have enough fine schemes to scheme us all right out of house and home. And I don't care. If you want more porridge you can help yourself. It's in the pot.

(Exit Priscilla)

PETER

I don't think Priscilla's interested.

JOHN

Let's get our minds to it,Peter.

PETER

Uncommon woman: Priscilla. Never gets ruffled. You take most women, they don't care much about a man coming in to meals without any warning. Time and again I come marching in here without an aye, yes or no, or by your leave. Priscilla, she takes it just like it was nothing at all. Come right in, Mr. Folger; sit right down; help yourself, Mr. Folger. It's remarkable.

JOHN

Aye. But now let's to business. We must think what's to be done.... Peter! Ye hear?

PETER

I hear. I'm just tinkering a bit.

JOHN

Well, think.

PETER

Always think when I'm tinkering.

JOHN

I've waited for a time like this. We've got old Coffin where we want him.....

PETER

Right by the tail, the old he cow.

JOHN

He's lorded over us too long, refused us equal share of voice in town affairs, forbidden men of will and purpose to inhabit here for fear they'd stand against him. We've tried all manner of persuasion, all tactics, fair and reasonable. It's come to nothing. So now we'll pound our rights through boldly.

PETER

By God, we'll hammer it home come hell or halleluliah.

JOHN

Now, with no authority at York, Coffin holds his place without the power of law. He holds his place by force, and force is subject to a counter-force. We are the counter-force.

PETER

Just give me a chance to counter Coffin...old Coffin-counter.... How I would love to Counter Coffin....Coffin-counter.

JOHN

But there's a difficulty, Peter.

PETER

That's it. There's always a difficulty. How I do hate a difficulty. That must be why I'm just a preaching, milling, surveying old dolt of a half-share man, tinkering my life away. Now you---you thrive on difficulty; at least, from the way you're always ready to stick your head in it you must like it. But me; I hate it.

JOHN

Difficulty is all part of getting what you want, Peter.

PETER

It's all a part all right---whether you get it or whether you don't.

JOHN

But we'll find a way out of it. It's just a matter of determining what way.

PETER

That's about all.

JOHN

The hitch is we half-share men are weak in numbers. To bring this off we need more strength. That's what we need to find, and quickly.

PETER

Aye. Old Coffin and his sons, and his sons' sons, and all those sons of---sons. And all the Macys and the Starbucks, all those Proprietors, the darlings....

JOHN

They outnumber us by more than I would like.

PETER

I've got it....I've got it!

JOHN

Aye? Let's hear it.

PETER

By having a shaft run across each collar-piece here, I can fix it so the collar-pieces will open or close either independently or all together.

JOHN

Collar-pieces.

PETER

Collar-pieces. In that way they can be opened or closed for one prisoner or two prisoners or three prisoners.

JOHN

What prisoners?

PETER

Any prisoners.

JOHN

What in hell are you talking about?

PETER

This here: my pillory. Y' see, it's a three-man pillory. Of course it can also be used as a one-man pillory or a two man pillory.

JOHN

Pillory? What the devil have pillories to do with the business at hand?

PETER

Well, not much perhaps. But they're important all the same. Y' see most pillories are too hard on a man. Most pillories are downright inhumane. Now my pillory is....

JOHN

Hang it, Peter! You will spout over pillories at a time like this when we must be figuring a way to get men on here to support our party!

PETER

All right. All right. I thought it would be a diversion. Can't you take a little diversion? Sometimes a little diversion.....

JOHN

I want no diversion! This is the test, the crisis. The opportunity is ours. Either we seize it, and set up a just and proper order here; or we bungle it, and remain, as ever, faithfully yours, humble lackeys in the service of His Majesty, Tristram Coffin.

PETER

So endeth diversion.

JOHN

There's no time to squander. This Dutch affair at York will not be going on forever. The tide may switch again, and carry Lovelace back in with it to side with Coffin as before.

PETER

Y' know——I received a letter the other day. Just came to mind....

JOHN

It's going to be no simple thing to find sufficient men who'll pick up on short notice and come on here....

PETER

A letter from my cousin over in the Bay Colony. He tells me.....

JOHN

They can be found. But to find them and get them here with speed is another thing.

PETER

He tells me that Indian, King Philip, has cut loose again.

JOHN

He has?

PETER

Yup.

JOHN

Well, he's often cutting loose. It's no concern of mine at the moment.

PETER

Raising a great row, he says; murdering, plundering, setting everything afire.

JOHN

We need some fifty men--besides those already here. More would be better. The more we have the less we'll meet resistance. I don't want to be breaking any heads over this---not necessarily.

PETER

Nope. No head breaking. I could name one or two that would crack mighty pretty.

JOHN

Now, I think we can count on Martin Wyer and his family over in Salem.

PETER

As I was saying, about this here letter, my cousin tells me there's been a pile of refugees over in the Bay Colony fixing to get clear of that heathen, Philip; looking for some place to go, and Henry Barker and his brother, William... Looking for some place to go.

JOHN

Quiet, will you, Peter! I'm trying to think...What was that you said?

PETER

Well, good Lord a-mighty.....

JOHN

Refugees....! Who-how-where!

PETER

Seems like I was just telling you where: the Bay Colony.

JOHN

The Bay Colony....King Phillip's at it....homes gone....There it is, Peter! There are the numbers that we need. If we give them help they'll side with us, and lend us strength enough to make a stand. By heaven, Peter----Listen! I'll make the voyage off myself, and bring 'em here...!No. No good. While I'd be off Coffin might learn the plan and wreck it. We'll send a man off with a letter. Peter! Here! Get scratching on a letter to your cousin. Tell him.....

PETER

No need of it.

JOHN

Tell him....What do you mean, no need of it? Tell him....

PETER

He's one of the refugees.

JOHN

I don't care what he is: so much the better... Tell him.....

PETER

No need of writing to him if he's one of the refugees.

JOHN

Why not!

PETER

Some of these refugees coming on here now. He's coming with 'em.

JOHN

They're coming on.....? Here? The Refugees?

PETER

A plumb full vessel load---put out from the Bay only yesterday. Likely be here any day now----most a hundred of'em.

JOHN

They put out yesterday! Come on! There's work to do! Priscilla! Lookouts to be set to watch for the vessel! Coffin to be reckoned with! Priscilla! Coffin mustn't learn of this; he'd find some way to....! Priscilla!

PRISCILLA

(Entering)

I'm coming! Are you being killed!

JOHN

Yes...! Peter, see to it that all the half-share families get their houses ready for the refugees....bed and board...generous welcome....Peter, now is our time... we'll have justice now....Why in hell didn't you think to tell me of this sooner!

PETER

Why, it was this way, John....

JOHN

Never mind! Where's my coat?

PETER

I thought to tell you of it sooner; for it's an uncommon good piece of news....

JOHN

Priscilla....! People coming!

PETER

But the more I thought to tell you of it.....

JOHN

Refugees, Priscilla....! Join our party!

PETER

.....THE MORE I thought what an uncommon good piece of news it was.

JOHN

Food...Beds....Lots of people coming!

PETER

So I was of a mindto save it.

JOHN

Come on, Peter....! Save it! You rascal....Come on! Food, Priscilla;plenty of food! Cook the damn sheep!

(Exit JOHN and PETER)

BLACK-OUT

(Lights out to indicate lapse of two days)

(When lights go on Priscilla is found at fire-place, stirring or mixing dough in a bowl, etc. The room is in some disorder due to expected arrival of refugees. Peter's pillory, now finished, is standing in one corner of the room, but due to its size protruding into the center, and adding to the confusion. Priscilla rises quickly from stool and carrying large brass kettle starts to cross, Left, almost bumping into pillory)

Music
3 Min.
Recorders
Bright
Lively

(Music Stops as Priscilla speaks? OR When Lights go up)

PRISCILLA

I wish that Peter Folger would get that thing out of here.

MARY

(entering with blankets)
Mother, where shall I put these?

PRISCILLA

If you can find a chair, Mary, put them in a chair. I don't know where to put anything. (Priscilla goes out with kettle, talking as she goes, and comes right back again - still talking, but without kettle.

We're being crowded out of house and home. You'd better go right back and tend the fire in the south room. If that man would get that thing out of here a person might be able to move without going sideways. Mary....! Can you think of any place to put this thing? Never mind, Mary. Don't scortch the lamb. Keep it turning.....Is that you, John?

JOHN

(entering)
Hello, Priscilla.

PRISCILLA

Your brother, Richard was just here. He was looking for you.

JOHN

I know. I ran into him as I came up.

PRISCILLA

He didn't seem to think very much of what you're doing. It wouldn't surprise me if he tried to interfere with your plans.

JOHN

He started to tell me something about it. I don't think he'll interfere with any plans for awhile. I've always had to persuade Richard not to meddle. Talking doesn't seem to do any good.

PRISCILLA

Oh, I told him a thing or two! I told him....Never mind what I told him; you're hard enough to live with as it is. John, can you tell me why Peter Folger had to go to work and make that thing, and make it so big it takes up half the room?

JOHN

He found some boards in the shed, and he started in on it, and---there it is.

PRISCILLA

There it is all right. Does he have to start in on something every time he sees a board?

JOHN

I suppose he does, Priscilla.

PRISCILLA

He'd just better have it out of here before those people come. How he's to get it out, I'm sure I don't know. It's bigger than any door. But he'd just better have it out before they come.

JOHN

They've come.

PRISCILLA

They've come, and where are they?

JOHN

They've gone.

PRISCILLA

They've gone....? They've come and they've gone....They've gone! And here I am with twenty odd loaves baking, three legs roasting, the house turned upside down to sleep them in, and they've come....and they've gone?

JOHN

Come---and gone.

PRISCILLA

Oh John---all those loaves and all that lamb.

JOHN

In some shrewd way Coffin got wind of it. When the vessel hove in sight he sent a boat out with a report that we'd a pestilence raging here. The vessel came about and put to sea again. There vanishes our opportunity.

PRISCILLA

Maybe it's better so, John. Who knows what might have happened if they'd landed. But all those loaves and all that lamb.

JOHN

I know what would have happened. Coffin would by now be out, and decent government here on its way in.

PRISCILLA

But Tristram Coffin holds the upper hand. Perhaps he'll always have a way to keep it so. ~~Perhaps Richard is right.~~

JOHN

Coffin knows how long he'd hold the upper hand with that vessel landed here. Look to what end he went to scare the vessel off. But he can be damned, ~~and Richard too.~~ The time will come again. All men one day trip and fall. Coffin's unjust.

PRISCILLA

Well, it's your doing, John. And I suppose in good time we'll eat the loaves and the lamb, and there'll not be too much wasted. I'll start to put the house in order, and move the children to their rightful beds. Mary.....

(Exit PRISCILLA)

JOHN

There vanishes our opportunity. Another must be made.

PETER

(entering)

Pst....John....Are ye alone?

JOHN

Come in Peter. You'll find no cheerful company. I'm full of gloom.

PETER

Aye, it's clouds and sunshine in all matters, great or small, clouds and sunshine. ~~That was a quaint little trick he turned against us, the old darling...bastrich. One for us and one for him. Only ours got run up into a head wind. But when tricks start popping, sometimes you can put a couple of tricks together and the first thing you know you have a whole litter of tricks running around.~~ I'll just have a slatch of talk with you, John; then I'll be off.

JOHN

Talk away, Peter. I could use some diversion at the moment.

PETER

Think I'll just mess around with the pillory while I'm talking. This pillory She needs a bit of loosening here and tightening there to make her smooth in operation... Number one works right regular, see? Comes together just about like lightening. Once you get the prisoner's head through you pull this here and--there he is; no delay. And there's not a thing that's inhumane about it. Think I'll call her SPECULATORIUM HUMANUS. By God, still know my Latin. Y' see this leather padding about the head holes? That's so as a man don't get his neck chafed half off him. Been more good prisoners had their necks ruined by splinters and such in ill-made holes. You put a man in one of these things to punish him because he ain't been doing what he ought. Then when you figure he's ready to do what he ought you turn him loose. How in hell can a man with a neck full of splinters do what he ought.

JOHN

You're right, Peter. I presume that's a likely device you have there.

PETER

Say, John-----do you suppose you could persuade ald Coffin to stay awhile?

JOHN

H'M?

PETER

Do you suppose you could keep Coffin quiet for a spell when he comes?

JOHN

When he comes..? Where?

PETER

Here.

JOHN

If you've got something under your hat let it out!

PETER

Don't get wadgetty. I'm coming to it fast as I can.

JOHN

Well, come to it then!

PETER

Unless I'm forty different kinds of a ninny. Coffin's on his way here to see for himself that you're tight within your house, and not abroad trying to work some further mischief.

JOHN

What further mischief could I work at the moment. The chance is gone.

PETER

That's as it may be. But there's the thing; he should have kept his eye on me.

JOHN

On You?

PETER

On me. After the vessel put out of the harbor I kind of kept watch of her. And what do you think she did?

JOHN

Oh, I presume she.....What did she do?

PETER

She made out of the harbor, and she beat on up to the wind'ard; then she came on around off the point, and she.....

JOHN

~~See~~ Sha what?

PETER

Hove to.

JOHN

She hove to?

PETER

She hove to. And she dropped her anchor.

JOHN

Dropped anchor?

PETER

She dropped her anchor, and then she-----lay there.

JOHN

Peter!

PETER

And she's a-laying there yet; not four miles off from shore.....

JOHN

Will you leave off talking, and come on! We're getting a boat and we're going out to the vessel!

PETER

Wait....Whoa....Not so fast.

JOHN

What now!

PETER

Well, good Lord a'mighty. I'm trying to tell you.... Soon as I saw she was a-laying there I hustled right on down to my son Eleazer's house, and I told him to take his boat, and put right out to the vessel and.....

JOHN

To tell the refugees there is no pestilence here, and to come on and land and welcome.....

PETER

That's precisely what I....How in hell did you know?

JOHN

Never mind! Why didn't you tell me in the first place!

PETER

Now hold on a minute. That's no more than half of it.

JOHN

It's enough for me.....!

PETER

Get those witches out of your breeches! The other half is Coffin. If I know anything he's coming here. Now if he finds you gone, that's the end of it. He'll know something's up, and he'll go out of here like a whistle. But if he finds you here that will satisfy him for the moment. Then he'll make to leave so he can look in on me (Y' know you ain't the only worry he has); and that's where you've got to delay him. Don't let him stir until.....

JOHN

Until the refugees are safe landed. You've hit it, Peter! And you're to go and see they are safe landed. I'll keep him here, by heaven, somehow. Now get on, Peter and see to the landing.

PETER

I'm as good as gone. Just want to give the pillory a try to see she's working smooth.

JOHN

Hang the pillory! Get moving!

PETER

Why, you never know, John; might amuse old Coffin. There's number one: all right and proper.....

JOHN

Peter! Come Off! There's no amusement in a damned pillory!

PETER

Number two.....

JOHN

Peter!

PETER

And number three.

~~PRISCILLA~~

~~(entering)~~

~~John, what on earth is all that noise!~~

~~PETER~~

~~Now: one, two, and three.~~

~~JOHN~~

~~Peter!~~

~~PRISCILLA~~

~~John! What....!~~

~~JOHN~~

~~Priscilla, never mind!~~

~~PRISCILLA~~

~~I might have know it was Peter Polger.~~

~~(Exit PRISCILLA)~~

PETER

Now, let's see how they're all working together.

JOHN

Oh my God!

PETER

All Smooth. Now I'm as good as gone. Let's see, before I go; one more thing.....

JOHN

Bother it, Peter! Go on!

PETER

Bother it, nothing! What do you want me to do: go off half cocked! One more thing: I'll fire three charges from the small cannon at the landing place when the landing's done. When you hear the signal you'll know we're smack in the butter tub, feeding

on the clock. When you hear the signal you can let old coffin go to--let him go [illegible], it won't matter. Three charges from the small cannon.

(He starts out, stops, starts to run back in, and stops again when JOHN approaches him threateningly. They stand at impasse for a moment; then Peter sneaks slowly around JOHN, gets hold of the tripping line attached to the pillory, hands it to JOHN, and then goes out. JOHN, thinking that perhaps PETER is losing his sanity, stands a moment, looking after him; then starts to walk slowly away from the pillory. The line he holds in his hand trips all three of the collar-pieces. JOHN is a little amazed. He goes to the pillory, raises the collar-pieces, walks away and pulls the line. They all drop again. He returns thoughtfully once more to the pillory, raises the collar-pieces, and very thoughtfully goes to side chair and sits down considering. He gets up, paces a couple of times, goes to cupboard, gets bottle of rum and a glass which he brings down center to table. He pours himself a drink, tasts some, considers, goes to cupboard, gets another glass, puts glass on table, toys with his drink; then starts pacing again).

PRISCILLA

(Entering)
John, what keeps you here, walking up and down? You'll wear the floor out. Haven't you had enough for one day.....

JOHN

I'm waiting to welcome a most valuable visitor, Priscilla.

PRISCILLA

A visitor? At this hour?

JOHN

The hour is unimportant. But the visitor....Ah, a most indespensible visitor. He must be handsomely, elaborately received. He must be amused, entertained, and detained. He must be captivated by hospitality.

PRISCILLA

If you ask me, between Peter Folger and lack of sleep you're out of your wits. For heaven's sake, John, come to bed.

(she starts to go when there is a sharp knocking at the door)

John, who's knocking there this time of night?

JOHN

Hush, Priscilla.

(More knocking)

PRISCILLA

(As JOHN hustles her off)
I don't like this, John.

JOHN

(sitting by table, acting drunk)
Come in....Come in! (Two townsmen enter, followed by (TRISTRAM) or Stay out. That's all right too.

TRISTRAM

Stand by the door, one either side.

FIRST MAN

Come foul or fair, we'll stand sir.

(TRISTRAM, after surveying the situation, walks over to the back of JOHN and pokes at him with his stick)

JOHN

Come in! I told you to come in (seeing the two townsmen) Oh... you are in. Well, come out then. Come out from behind that Tree. Come on over here, and we'll all have a drink. (Reaching for and missing bottle). Just a minute. Looks like we need another glass. Only four glasses. Four of you and one of me....That's five! Bring another glass. (Seeing TRISTRAM who has walked around and is now facing him) O-o-o-h! Two more! One of you looks like the Chief Magistrate. Who's the other one? Bring two more glasses.

TRISTRAM

You seem to have been having a little nap, Gardner. Had I known you were napping I shouldn't have come. Quite unnecessary to have disturbed you while you were napping, wasn't it?

JOHN

Napping...? No-o-o...Mr. Magistrate. No-o-o. No nap.... Nip. Several nips. There's a very great difference between a nap and a nip. A nap you take alone. But a nip you take in company. So come on and sit down----all six of you gentlemen, and we'll all have a good nap....~~something wrong there~~. So come on ~~and sit down~~ all six of you ~~gentlemen~~, and we'll all have a good nip....What's wrong with that? ~~That's what I said, wasn't it? Bring the glasses.~~

TRISTRAM

No, I think I'll not tarry, Gardner. Just dropped by to wish you good day.

JOHN

(Getting up to detain him)
Day...? Day.....Mr. Magistrate, something wrong there. Day's gone. Days all gone. Let's see.....that means it must be-----night!

TRISTRAM

Well, night then. Come, you two; we'll be off.

JOHN

Night it is, Mr. Magistrate! And night's the time for visiting. Night...when the dusky curtain is drawn secure across the blinding, fretful, clamorous scene, and daytime cares dissolve into a cool, black, sheltering repose; when friends foregather close to put aside all feverish inconsequences, and even enemies forget dayborn designs. Night.....

TRISTRAM

Yes, yes.... Come you two.....

SECOND MAN

By the bones of me dead father I say, say I, that 'tis a blasted gallows!

FIRST MAN

Nah....! Twould be no gallows. 'Twould be a bloody....Why, 'twould be a bloody.. ....Gallows? Nah.....

TRISTRAM

What is that conglomerate affair?

JOHN

That? Oh....You mean, that.....?

TRISTRAM

Yes, that.

JOHN

That. That is a....Have a chair, and I'll tell you all about it.

TRISTRAM

I've no wish to hear all about it. I'd know what it is, and nothing more.

JOHN

Is that all you want to know? It's a very, very strange, unusual kind of a.....

FIRST MAN

By m' eyes! I know what it be! It be a bloody pillory; that's what it be.

SECOND MAN

Pillory? Nah.

TRISTRAM

Well? Is it?

JOHN

Well? Is it what is it?

TRISTRAM

Is it a pillory?

JOHN

That's exactly what it is! How did you guess?

FIRST MAN

What did I tell ye! When I lays my eyes on a pillory I knows it, don't I? I've an acquaintance with pillories. I have; personal and bodily, I have. I've a neck-knowledge of pillories.

TRISTRAM

Quiet! And what would you be doing with it in your house, Gardner?

JOHN

Damned if I'll ever know. It's one of those Peter Folger things. He made it here in the house, and here it is in the house.

TRISTRAM

Peter Folger: ingenious kind of an old dough-head.

JOHN

Boards. ~~That's all it is. Board-crazy.~~ Can't keep his hands off a board. Gets hold oa a board, and-----look. He says this is a very, very special kind of pillory; very special. He says most pillories ruin the prisoner, ruin the prisoner, he says. Prisoner can't work after he gets out. He says this one eliminates all that. What's the prisoner in there for, anyway? A vacation? What a lot of nonesense

TRISTRAM

Nonesense? No nonesense about it! Every time a man comes out of that pillory in the square he's layed up for a week! Can't do a lick of work!

JOHN

Y' don't say! Maybe there's something in it, I don't know. Folger said you might be interested in the thing. He said he'd be delighted to give you a demonstration.

TRISTRAM

(Starting out)
Tell him to come see me about it.

JOHN

(To TOWNSMEN who are inspecting the pillory)

Wait a minute!

FIRST MAN

Eh?

JOHN

Don't go too near.

FIRST MAN

What's 'at?

JOHN

Better not lay your hands on it. It ain't quite finished. You might spoil it.

FIRST MAN

How's 'at? Don't go too near? Don't lay a hand to it? And who be you T' say, Cod-fish? If I likes I'll go near or far or hither or yon, I'll lay a dozen hands to it, Scum-water!

JOHN

Just as you say.

FIRST MAN

Come on, Dipper; let's have a good squint at it.

TRISTRAM

Come off, you too. We're moving on.

FIRST MAN

(putting his head through)

Comin', Sir. But look you, Mr. Magistrate; such a pillory as this I've not ever seen! Why, she's all cushions, Sir. This bloody thing's for babes, for crones, wid apples in their necks. These blasted headholes is the same as feathers. Look 'e, Dipper, 'tis like layin' your old neck in a cloud. Try it, son.

TRISTRAM

No chafing on the neck, eh?

FIRST MAN

Chafin'? No, Sir. 'Tain't like them other yokes as makes a man so sore and narsty he's fumin' to get loose just so he can raise holy Ned all over agin. Roses, Sir! Goddamn roses, it is!

SECOND MAN

Aye, soft, I say.

(TRISTRAM has got around behind the pillory, and is trying it out)

FIRST MAN

Now think of standin' right in the same blasted pillory with you, Mr. Magistrate!

(TRISTRAM abruptly pulls his head out, but is immediately seized with a fit of sneezing, and inadvertantly gets his head in again, JOHN, who is now seated near the tripping line, pulls it)
(The men in the pillory set up a great howl)

PRISCILLA

John! What have you done! Whatever will become of us for this!

TRISTRAM

You'll be drawn and quartered: that's what will become of you! You'll be flayed alive! You'll be broken on the wheel! By God! Scratch my nose!

JOHN

(Tickling TRISTRAM'S nose with a feather)

I warned them, Priscilla. I told them not to go too near.

PRISCILLA

But John, for the love of heaven, let them go!

(The distant sound of a cannon is heard--firing three times)

What is that firing, John? What does it mean?

TRISTRAM

Who's touching off that damn cannon without my authority!

JOHN

It means there's come a change, that's all; a small change in the small affairs of a small spot in the sea. Of changes and of men there are two: one would hold down: the other would lift up. Both fight forever. Neither wholly wins. But each must forever try. It's as simple as that. A hundred souls have landed here tonight: tradesmen------; tinkers, tailors, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker. They'll join with us. We'll have an equal voice for all, We'll make adjustments in our government. We will improve our industry. We'll grow apace. Small matters, but we're getting on.

(THISTLEW has got armed behind the pillory, and is trying it out)

FIRST MAN

You think of standing right in the same blasted pillory with you, Mr. Heartbreak?

(THISTLEW abruptly pulls his head out, but is immediately seized with a fit of sneezing, and inadvertently puts his head in again, JOHN, who is now seated over the butting line, pulls it)
(The man in the pillory act up a great bowl)

PRISCILLA

John! What have you done! Whatever will become of us for this!

THISTLEW

It'll be down and quarterdeck that's what will become of you! You'll be flayed alive! You'll be broken on the wheel. By God! Forsooth my dear!

JOHN

(Kicking THISTLEW'S door with a footbow)

I warned them, Priscilla. I told them not to go too near.

PRISCILLA

But John, for the love of heaven, let them go!

(The distant sound of a musket in board--firing three times)

What is that firing, John? What does it mean?

THISTLEW

That's touching off that damn cannon without my authority!

JOHN

It means there's come a chance, Priscilla, all a small chance in the small affairs of a small ships in the sea. Of course, not of many men there are that would hold down the other would lift up. Both fight forever. Neither wholly wins. But each must forever try. That's as right as that. A hundred souls have landed here tonight: ---------; sinners, traitors, the hangman, the baker, the handicraft-maker. They'll join with us. We'll have an equal voice for all. We'll make adjustments in our governments. We'll improve our industry. We'll grow upward. Small matters, but worth getting up.

PRISCILLA

John, do you mean those people have come again?

JOHN

They've come, Priscilla. And they're likely hungry.

PRISCILLA

The loaves and the lamb; thank goodness! Someone to eat it. But will you, for heaven's sake, let Mr. Coffin go.

JOHN

He may go now. (Discovering that the pillor is locked) He could go now. But it seems that Peter has the key!

Recordeds

Bright + Lively
12 MIN.

CURTAIN

Street Scenes

Dramatic sides

Do Under Chorus

Record

Interlude #3

(lights come on Ghost of the Past standing at Right)
with Priscilla and Thomas Macy)

Ghost-Of-The-Past

And so equal rights for all were brought about- but not before a long legal siege set in during which, Peter Folger-the grandfather of Benjamin Franklin- was put in jail. While his daughter Abiah in Boston, was giving birth to the child who was one day to be a leader of the yet-unborn nation, her father was jailed for a year or more because he would not produce a small book of records! Records that he had kept as clerk of the Court, which mostly dealt with Indian affairs. But finally he was set free and John Gardner, working more and more for the half-share men, was voted into office after office in defiance of Coffin, and eventually was made Chief Magistrate. And to the comfort of all concerned, the animosity between the two families was at last ended by the marriage of John Gardner's daughter to the grandson of Tristram. High on Sunset Hill, old Tristram gave them a piece of land, and John provided them with a house, and good-luck horseshoe was worked into the large square chimney.

Priscilla Speaks

In the course of these flurried goings-on, there had come to the Island a small band of Quakers, hoping to spread their faith. The leader of the group appealed to Mary Starbuck, saying

"We have come in the love of God to visit you if you are willing to let us have some meetings."

And Mary consented to have the meetings held in her house: this, ~~the same~~ Mary, daughter of Tristram Coffin, ~~who had taken charge of the women and children in the first boat-load of settlers, and who~~ was to be later known as the Great Mary. After Mary and her children were converted, many another followed suit and soon this ocean sand-dune became one of the strongholds of the Society of Friends.

IN 3.

Macy Speaks

Meanwhile the sea had once more taken over, and worked its will in the affairs of men. With pounding waves, one winter night, it heaved enough of its sandy bottom on the North Shore to fill up Capaum Harbor, leaving it forever after no more than a land-locked pond. Now that fishing and off-shore whaling were the main occupation, the Town most sorely needed a harbor handy. So it was voted to move over the hill a piece, to Wesco Harbor. With ingrained ingenuity the men of the Island set to and, putting their sturdy houses and churches on huge rollers, with their strong teams of horses, hauled them across the undulating fields as they would tow a ship. They planned five wharves, one to come straight out of their new Main Street. With round rocks that came in the holds of ships, as ballast, they paved the new streets, and before Mary Gardner Coffin's children were all grown-up, they had a Town which grew apace.

Ghost Speaks

And when that young man, Benjamin Franklin, came to visit his Folger cousins, and helped his aunts white-wash the new plastered walls as was the custom every spring, he walked these wharves and listened to this same Town-Crier, whom, some years later we hear coming up Main Street and along Fair. It was the year 1775.

MUSIC - FIFE & DRUM

(Lights go up in Fair Street back-drop as the Town-Crier's bell is heard in the distance)

Lights

Town-Crier- (Ringing bell and calling out)

"Town Meeting tonight to protest Restraining Act signed by the King! Sloop Endeavor, three years out of Nantucket Harbour, sighted off S'conset shore! New bolts of cloth at Keziah Coffin's store on India Street!-"

(he enters- ringing bell-)

"Town Meeting to-night!!-

Meanwhile the sea had once more taken over, and worked its will in the affairs of men. With pounding waves, one winter night, it heaved enough of its sandy bottom on the North Shore to fill up Cobscum Harbor, leaving it forever water no more than a land-locked pond. Now that fishing and off-shore whaling were the main occupation, the Town most sorely needed a harbor ready. Solitaire voted to move over the hill a piece, to Moses Harbor. With inherited ingenuity the men of the island set to work, putting their sturdy horses and oxyokes on logs rollers, with their strong team of horses, hauled them across the undulating fields as they would top a sail. They planned five charges, one to come straight out of their new Main Street. With round rocks that came in the holds of ships, as ballast, they paved the new streets, but before Harry Parker Coffin's children were all grown-up, they had a town which grew apace.

And when that young man, Benjamin Franklin, came to visit his Elder cousins, and helped his sturdy white-sand the new plastered walls (as was the custom every spring), he walked these wharves and listened to this same Town-Crier, whom, some years later he most capital on Main Street and along Fair. Is was this year 1771.

(Lights go up in Fair Street backdrop as the Town-Crier's bell is heard in the distance)

Town-Crier- (Ringing bell and calling out)

"Town Meeting tonight to protest Parliament's act passed by the King! Stop Smoking, three years out of Hangmans Harbour, sighted off Sconset shore! New bales of cloth at Ralph Coffin's store on India Street!-"

(As cohorts- ringing bell-)

"Town Meeting to-night!-

(Sees Ghost and hands him a hand-bill not realizing whom he is talking to)

Town Crier- "You be a stranger on our Island, be'nt ye?"

Ghost- "Not exactly-I've beenaround for quite a while."

Town Crier- "Be ye? I ain't never seen ye before. Well, ye better come to the meetin' anyhow- and make your protest- This here King George- he's goin' too far- he's bearin' down on us colonists too hard. He's interfering with our rights!"

Ghost- "The rights of Man!- Tis ever thus- protest and opposition- We had Gardner fighting Coffin for man's rights, here on this little Island, nearly a hundred years ago- now we have a whole colony protesting to a king 3000 miles away. Man must ever be the watch-dog of his rights!

Town Crier- "Aye, and it was a load of tea in the holds of ships that had sailed to London from this very harbour that started all the trouble! Bet you didn't know that!"

Ghost- "Aye, but I did! And I know their names too- The Dartmouth, The Beaver, and The Elinor - owner William Rotch- whose warehouse is nearby at the foot of the Square!"

Town Crier- "I'll be dad-burned- you aint no furringer after all. But you aint no Coffin, and you aint no Starbuck, nor Macy, because I'm kin to 'em all- but whoever ye be- ye better come to the meetin'-"

(Starts ringing his bell and walking off- Right - as lights dim)

Town Crier- "Bark Endeavor off S'conset shore-! New cloth at Keziah Coffin's-!

Count 2 before Town Clock-

(Some Ghosts and hands him a hand-bill not realizing when he is talking to)

Town Crier- "You be a stranger on our Island, be'nt yet"

Ghost- "Not exactly-I've been around for quite a while."

Town Crier- "Be yet I ain't never seen ye before. Well, ye better come to the meetin' anyhow- and make your protest- This here King George- he's goin' too far- he's bearin' down on us colonists too hard. He's interfering with our rights!"

Ghost- "The rights of Man!- Yes ever since- protest and opposition- We had Gardner fighting Gottia for man's rights, here on this little Island, nearly a hundred years ago- now we have a whole colony protesting to a king 3000 miles away. Man must ever be on the watch-dog of his rights!

Town Crier- "Aye, and it was a load of tea in the holds of ships that had sailed to London from this very harbour that started all the trouble! Bet you didn't know that!"

Ghost- "Aye, but I did! And I know their names too- The Dartmouth, the Beaver, and the Elinor - owner William Rotch- whose warehouse is nearby at the foot of the Square!"

Town Crier- "I'll be dad-burned- you sint no furriner after all. But you sint no Gottia, and you sint no Gardner, nor Mary, because I'm kin to 'em all- but whoever ye be- ye better come to the meetin'-"

(Starts ringing his bell and walking off- Right - as lights dim)

Town Crier- "Bark Beaver off Stonewall shore-! New cloth at Sarah Griffin's-!

EPISODE 3

"KEZIAH"

by - R.D.Wilson.

Characters

(In order of their appearance)

Keziah Coffin - A Trader
Keziah (called "Kezy" - Her daughter
William Rotch - A Quaker merchant
Jethro Coffin - The elder Keziah's husband
Phineas Fanning - Keziah's agent

Jeff Town Clock 8 o'clock

EP. 3.

ACT I.

(It is eight o'clock in the evening, the 21st of April, 1775. The curtain rises on a candle-lighted room, handsomely furnished by some of the best cabinet makers of England. In the center of the rear wall is a sizeable fireplace with a white mantel, impressive in its simplicity. Conspicuously places to the left of the center of the room is a large, round, gateleg table with quill pens, ink, and other writing accessories of the period in evidence.

Faint and tinkling notes, laboriously produced from a spinet, are heard coming from the back part of the house as Keziah comes into the room from the store. She is carrying a ledger which she places on the round gateleg table. Keziah is fifty - young for fifty. She would immediately becalled a tall woman, but this might very well be due more to the intense dignity of straight carriage than to height. Watching her move from table to fireplace and back as she adroitly applies a taper to unlighted candles one might suspect that here is a woman who is efficient, proud, haughty, and perhaps incapable of displaying emotion. If so, one would, for the most part, be right. Having given light to her work table she extinguishes the taper, and seats herself at the table, prepared to make her daily ledger entries with a quill pen.)

KEZIAH

(Calling) Kezy! (When there is no answer) Kezy!

KEZY

(From other room) Yes, mama?

KEZIAH

Is thee playing the spinet?

KEZY

(Same) Yes, mama!

EXHIBIT 3

"KEZIAH"

by [illegible]

Characters

(In order of their appearance)

Keziah Coffin - A Trader
Keziah (called "Kezy" - Her daughter
William Cotch - A Quaker merchant
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ACT I.

(It is eight o'clock in the evening, the 21st of April, 1775. The curtain rises on a candle-lighted room, handsomely furnished by some of the best cabinet makers of England. In the center of the rear wall is a sizeable fireplace with a white mantel, impressive in its simplicity. Conspicuously placed to the left of the center of the room is a large, round, gateleg table with quill pens, ink, and other writing accessories of the period in evidence.)

Faint and tinkling notes, laboriously produced from a spinet, are heard coming from the back part of the house as Keziah comes into the room from the store. She is carrying a ledger which she places on the round gateleg table. Keziah is fifty - young for fifty. She would immediately be called a still woman, but this might very well be due more to the intense dignity of straight carriage than to height. Watching her move from table to fireplace and back as she carefully applies a taper to a multitude of candles one might suspect that here is a woman who is efficient, proud, humble, and perhaps incapable of displaying emotion. If so, one would, for the most part, be right. Having given light to her work table she extinguishes the taper, and sets herself at the table, prepared to make her daily ledger entries with a quill pen.)

KEZIAH

(Calling) Kezy! (When there is no answer) Kezy!

KEZY

(From other room) Yes, mama?

KEZIAH

Is thee playing the spinet?

KEZY

(Sure) Yes, mama!

KEZIAH

It is well thee told me. I thought from the sound that likely thee was dusting it.

(The playing starts again as before, but it lasts only a moment. A finger is run violently across the keys beginning at the top of the scale, and a fist plays a sudden and unmistakable finale at the bottom of the scale, whereupon Kezy enters the room with something of a climactic flourish. She is a pretty, and as might be guessed, spirited, young lady, perhaps a trifle spoiled, certainly a trifle bored with such a lady-like pursuit as practicing on the spinet. She roams aimlessly and pettishly about the room, fussing first with a candle, then with a chair. There appears to be something she would say to her mother, and something causing her to hesitate. Without looking up, Keziah speaks to her)

KEZIAH

Why did thee stop thy practicing, Kezy?

KEZY

I did not seem to be pleasing thee.

KEZIAH

Thee was trying hard to, I presume?

KEZY

Oh, yes, Mama.

KEZIAH

Thee must try harder. Thy father expects thee to know the piece perfectly by the time he gets home. Thee has the week yet to practice, nd thee's not to disappoint him.

KEZY

But mama, I can't put my mind to playing the spinet!

KEZIAH

And why not?

KEZIAH

It is well thee told me. I thought from the sound that likely thee was

dusting it.

(The playing starts again as before, but it lasts only a moment. A finger is run rightly across the keys beginning at the top of the scale, and a flat plays a sudden and unmistakable finale at the bottom of the scale. Whereupon Mary enters the room with something of a diamatic flourish. She is a pretty, and as might be guessed, spirited, young lady, perhaps a trifle spoiled, certainly a trifle bored with such a lady-like pursuit as practicing on the spinet. She rouse sarcastically and petulantly about the room, fussing first with a candle, then with a chair. There appears to be something she would say to her mother, and something causing her to hesitate. Without looking up, Keziah speaks to her)

KEZIAH

Why did thee stop thy practicing, Mary?

MARY

I did not seem to be pleasing thee.

KEZIAH

Thee was trying hard to, I presume?

MARY

Oh, yes, Mama.

KEZIAH

Thee must try harder. Thy father expects thee to know the piece perfectly by the time he gets home. Thee has the week yet to practice, and thee's not to disappoint him.

MARY

But mama, I can't put my mind to playing the spinet!

KEZIAH

And why not?

KEZY

Because my mind's on something else, and when it's on ;something else it's off the spinet, because it won't stay on the spinet and on something else all at the same time.

KEZIAH

Thy mind seems frequently to be on something other than the thing thee's doing. Why does thee not say thy mind is on nothing, and be done with it.

KEZY

But it isn't on nothing; it's on a very particular thing just now.

KEZIAH

(Figuring to herself) Nine gross at three shillings the gross: too much. I shall send them two and six pence; they'll be glad to get that.

KEZY

Mama .....Mama, has thee taken notice of late the way people have of looking at thee when thee walks out?

KEZIAH

(Looks up quickly; then returns to her papers) I've not walked out of late, and if I had I should have taken no notice of the way people look at me; for I don't care a fig how they look at me.

KEZY

I do .....I don't like not being liked.

KEZIAH

(Quickly) What difference does it make . . . . . (Then fiercely, LOOKING UP) Who told thee thee was not liked?

NEXT

because we think's an accepting place, but when it's an unacceptable place it's off the wrong, because it wasn't made to the wrong but on some-
thing else ALL at the same time.

NEXT H

they being seen literally to be an accepting object when the, during
there's doing", why does there not say the "being is unchanged" and do
done with it.

NEXT

But it isn't on nothing! It's a very particular thing that does.

NEXT H

(Explaining to Amanda) Mind Gross at times anything the Gross: one
much. I think I'll be back then two but six hours! Only I'll be back to see Amy.

NEXT

Mmm ********Mmm, but then Simon notice of face the way people pass of
looking at them when they walk out?

NEXT H

(Looks up Julia!) Does Lorraine be that happy? I've now walked out of
Jude, but if I had I should have taken on choice of the way people
look at me! For I don't care a fig. Mm, they look at me.

NEXT

I do **********I don't like not point block.

NEXT H

(Contd) Mind difference how is more . . . . . (Mmm.Lighter)

LOOKING UP) Who still does that not like

- 6 -

KEZY

No one told me. I can see it in the faces of some ..... Oh, not all; Susan speaks to me, and is friendly as ever ....., and the other girls, mostly. But it's plain in the older people; they scarcely so much as nod when they see me. It was yesterday I passed Mr. Swain - the one who is Elder at Meeting -, he looked at me as a stranger would, and he said not a word. Could it be for our not going to Meeting last First Day?

KEZIAH

I presume likely it could. Now thee'd best go back to thy practicing for a spell.

KEZY

But it couldn't be for just that. Does thee think that our being Loyalist has anything to do with it?

KEZIAH

(Breaking in) Loyalist . . . . , of course we're Loyalist!

KEZY

But does thee think that is why people look at me in such an odd way?

KEZIAH

Everyone here is a Loyalist - or ought to be.

KEZY

Some of the young men have already gone to train with the militia in Boston.

KEZIAH

They have no better thing to do. Now the e'd best run along.

KEZY

(Starts reluctantly to go; then turns) Then it must be the spinet.

MARY

No one told me. I can see it in the faces of some ..... Oh, not all; Susan spoke to me, and is friendly as ever ....., and the other girls, mostly. But it's plain in the older people; they scarcely so much as nod when they see me. It was yesterday I passed Mr. Swain - the one who is Elder at meeting -, he looked at me as a stranger would, and he said not a word. Could it be for our not going to meeting last First Day?

ESTHER

I presume likely it could. How should best go back to thy practicing for a spell.

MARY

But it couldn't be for just that. Does thee think that our being Loyalist has anything to do with it?

ESTHER

(Pressing in) Loyalist . . . , of course we're Loyalist!

MARY

But does thee think that is why people look at me in such an odd way?

ESTHER

Everyone here is a Loyalist - or ought to be.

MARY

Some of the young men have already gone to train with the militia in Boston.

ESTHER

They have no better thing to do. Now the o'd boat run along.

MARY

(Starts reluctantly to go then turns) Then it must be the spinet.

KEZIAH

(After an intent glance at her) Why would thee think that?

KEZY

Thee knows how the Elders scowl at playing and the like.

KEZIAH

The Elders scowl at everything; ;Tis how they get to be Elders. Thee seems to be working nightily, Kezy, to keep from thy playing.

KEZY

Yes, mama .....No, mama..; it's more than that. It's true I have no great mind for playing, but more than that I don't like that people should think ill of me, and I don't like they should think ill of thee. And if they do I want to know why.

KEZIAH

(She closes her ledger, and rises slowly) Listen to me, child, and get this layed straight in thy head; thee's old enough to hear it. Let no thing in thy life by thy concern more than thyself. If people would think ill of thee, let them, and never ask why. Keep to thine own way as thee would keep a vessel to its course. Never betray thine own counsel by seeking the counsel of others. Regard, above all things, thyself. Does thee hear?

KEZY

(Obediently) Yes, mama. . . I shall try to do as thee says. 'Tis not simple for me as for thee. Thee's so sure, mama. Thee knows always what it is thee wants, and what thee thinks. I am never sure.. as thee is. (Starting to go) But I shall remember what thee's said.

(A knock is heard at outside door)

MARTA

(*Aver an intent glance at her*) Why would thee think that?

FINEY

Thee knows how the Elders scowl at playing and the like.

MARTA

The Elders scowl at everything; 'tis how they get to be Elders. Thee seems to be working mightily, Ezey, to keep from thy playing.

FINEY

Yea, mmm .....No, mmm...; it's more than that. It's true I have no great mind for playing, but more than that I don't like that people should think ill of me, and I don't like they should think ill of thee. And if they do I want to know why.

MARTA

(*She closes her ledger, and rises slowly*) Listen to me, child, and get this laved straight in thy head; thee's old enough to hear it. Let no thing in thy life by thy concern more than thyself. If people would think ill of thee, let them, and never ask why. Keep to thine own way as thee would keep a vessel to its course. Never betray thine own counsel by seeking the counsel of others. Heard, above all things, thyself. Does thee hear?

FINEY

(*Obediently*) Yea, mmm. . . I shall try to do as thee says. 'Tis not simple for me as for thee. Thee's so sure, mmm. Thee knows always what it is thee wants, and what thee thinks. I am never sure.. as thee is. (*Startled to go*) But I shall remember what thee's said.

(*A knock is heard at outside door*)

KEZIAH

See who it might be. If it's someone to buy tell them the store will be open in the morning as usual.

KEZY

(As she starts to go) And if it's something they must have tonight, mama?

KEZIAH

The more they must have it tonight the more they must have it in the morning.

KEZY

(Going) Yes, mama.

(Keziah proceeds to tidy up her table; then pauses to listen as she hears voices of greeting at outside door. Kezy calls on her way in from the store; then enters, followed by William Rotch. Rotch is a slow moving old merchant gentleman whose manner, if grave, is so only because in this particular instance he judges that is what is expected of him; for he looks to be ordinarily a man of good will and good humor. He does not remove his hat)

KEZY

Mama! It's Mr. Rotch come to see us!

ROTCH

And he comes at such an uncommon hour he wonders if he's welcome.

KEZIAH

Thee's always welcome, William. Come, sit thyself down. But thee's a great stranger. I've not seen thee in an age.

ROTCH

Why Keziah, I'd say 'twas thee who's the stranger, not only to me but to everyone in town. Except thee's seen in thy store once in a great while thee's not seen at all.

KEZIAH

I find no time to be gadding about, William.

HELEN

See who it might be. If it's someone to buy tell them the store will be open in the morning as usual.

KEEY

(As she starts to go) And if it's something they must have tonight, mamma?

HELEN

The more they must have it, tonight the more they must have it in the morning.

KEEY

(Going) Yes, mamma.

(Keeih proceeds to tidy up her table; then pauses to listen as she hears voices of greeting at outside door. Keey calls on her way in from the store; then enters, followed by William Rotch. Rotch is a slow moving old merchant, gentlemanly in manner, if prosy, is so only because in this particular instance he knows that is what is expected of him; for he looks to be certainly a man of good will and good humor. He does not remove his hat)

KEEY

Mamma! It's Mr. Rotch come to see us!

ROTCH

And he comes as such an unexpected hour he wonders if he's welcome.

HELEN

There's always welcome, William. Come, sit thyself down. But there's a great stranger. I've not seen thee in an age.

ROTCH

Why, Keeih! Thee always knows thee wants the stranger, not only to be but to overpay the stranger. Because there's seen in thy store once in a great while [illegible] well.

HELEN

I find myself so [illegible] about William.

ROTCH

Aye, that's it; of course thee doesn't. Thee's too blessed busied with thy store and thy trading. Thee's getting to be such a merchant as would do credit to any man.

KEZIAH

Such a merchant as would do credit to any man, William, is not my ambition. And how does thy trading do?

ROTCH

It does well - at present. All my vessels at sea, and the oil market still good. But there's no telling these days how long it will last. Is Jethro not yet returned from Boston?

KEZIAH

It will be another week before we can look for him. He has much to do; his vessel to load with goods for my store --; and he seems bent on visiting among the merchants to discover more about this trouble the Colonies seem to be having. I'm sure I don't know what good it will do him. 'Twill no more than delay his return.

ROTCH

So it will. But I'm eager to hear what word he will bring from Boston just the same.

KEZIAH

'Twill be nothing new; in the mouths and minds of the merchants Hell will still be a place located in the British Isles, and the Devil will still be King George.

ROTCH

I don't like this new Restraining Act the Parliament has passed. If

they enforce this one 'twill do great harm to our whaling trade.

KEZIAH

If we mind our own affairs they'll not enforce it here. And if they do, it can bring no great harm. Britain will still buy our oil and bone. She needs it.

ROTCH

There may be some truth in thy words, Keziah. But I fear not all. This Act is aimed to stop us from carrying on the fisheries along our own coasts. Moreover, it's yet another one of those harsh acts that only raise more grievances in all the Colonies. And when grievances are raised in numbers they be like the wind that may blow some small spark to a great fire.

KEZIAH

My --, but thee's become quite a rebel, William.

ROTCH

I've become alarmed at what is happening. If there be not some able reasoning ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ done soon, there may be something that is beyond reasoning -- a ~~xxx~~.war.

KEZIAH

A war?

ROTCH

Yes.

KEZIAH

Its'too much to hope for.

ROTCH

Hope for? Thee's speaking strangely, Keziah. War profits no one.

KEZIAH

Not even merchants?

ROTCH

Least of all, merchants.

KEZIAH

Thee's thinking, William, of most merchants -- little merchants. But there are always some who do profit. (After a brief pause Kezy GETS ;up to listen at the door leading to the store.)

KEZY

Mama, does thee not hear someone calling? (They listen as a boy's voice is heard calling intelligibly from the street) Yes, it is someone calling!

BOY'S VOICE

Captain Coffin's vessel's in the harbor! Captain Coffin's vessel's in the harbor!

KEZY

Did thee hear? Father's vessel's in the harbor! He's home! He's home! (She rushes out)

KEZIAH

(After looking at Rotch) The boy must be mistaken. Jethro would not be coming back yet. 'Tis only four days since he left.

KEZY

(Rushing back in) It's so! It 's so! (Skipping hurriedly to hall door) Father's home! (Popping into hall) 'Twas Jimmy Chase calling- he knows father's vessel! (Popping out with shawl and bonnet)

HENLIN

Not even merchants?

GOTCH

Least of all, merchants.

HENLIN

There's thinkin', William, of most merchants -- little merchants. But there are always some who do profit. (After a brief pause Mary GETS up to listen at the door leading to the store.)

MARY

Mama, does this not hear someone calling? (They listen as a boy's voice is heard calling intelligibly from the street) Yes, it is someone calling!

BOY'S VOICE

Captain Griffin's vessel's in the harbor! Captain Griffin's vessel's in the harbor!

MARY

Did thee hear? Father's vessel's in the harbor! He's home! He's home! (She rushes out)

HENLIN

(After looking at Hatch) The boy must be mistaken. Letters would not be coming back yet. 'Tis only four days since he left.

MARY

(Rushing back in) It's not! It's not! (Skipping hurriedly to hall door) Father's home! (Jogging into hall) 'Twas Jimmy Chase calling-he knows Father's vessel! (Jogging out with shawl and bonnet)

I'm going to meet him! (Subsiding) I should like very much to go meet him mama.

KEZIAH

It is no time for thee to be going out, child. If it is true thy father's returned he'll be here soon enough.

KEZY

But --, he aims to surprise us. It would be great fun to surprise him insteadd.

ROTCH

(As Kezy edges toward the door) Thee'd best let the girl go, Keziah. I do believe she'll part her hawsers if she don't set sail pretty quick.

KEZIAH

Put thy bonnet where it belongs - on thy head.

KEZY

Yes, mama.

KEZIAH

And thee'll get there no faster by dragging thy shawl clear to the wharf.

KEZY

No, mama.

KEZIAH

And see thee does no loitering by the way. (As she goes) Loitering! I should say not!

ROTCH

So Jethro is back in four days; an uncommon short trip.

KEZIAH

(She has risen and has gone to the mantle to trim the candles) Short indeed. But with particular reason, no doubt.

ROTCH

No doubt.

I'm going to meet him! (Hesitating) I should like very much to go meet him ma'm.

MARTHA

It is no time for them to be going out, child. If it is true thy father's returned he'll be here soon enough.

MARY

But --, he aims to surprise us. It would be great fun to surprise him instead.

MOTHER

(As Mary moves toward the door) Thee'd best let the girl go, Keziah. I do believe she'll part her hawsers if she don't set sail pretty quick.

MARTHA

Put thy bonnet where it belongs - on thy head.

MARY

Yes, ma'm.

MARTHA

And thee'll get there no faster by dragging thy shawl clear to the wharf.

MARY

No, ma'm.

MARTHA

And see thee does no loitering by the way. (As she goes) Loitering! I should say not!

MOTHER

So Jethro is back in four days; an uncommon short trip.

MARTHA

(She has risen and has gone to the mantle to trim the candles) Short indeed. But with particular reason, no doubt.

MOTHER

No doubt.

KEZIAH

No doubt as particular a reason as thee had in coming here.

ROTCH

What does thee mean, Keziah?

KEZIAH

William, thee's not entered my house in years. Thee's not here now to gossip about Restraining Acts and fisheries. And thee's not here now to learn what word Jethro brings from the mainland; for thee'd no more way of guessing his return than I.

ROTCH

Thee's a mighty knowing woman, Keziah. It's true I did not come to thy house for those reasons. As to why I did come to thy house, I ---,Lord! Lord! Ever since I've come I've been bolstering m'courage to tell thee. I'd sooner face a narwhal with a needle.

KEZIAH

Think less of thy courage and more of thy mission, William; 'twill stop thy veering and hauling. Why did thee come?

ROTCH

)(Resolved to end it with all the gravity it demands he becomes unnaturally gruff) Thee was not at Meeting on First Day, Keziah.

KEZIAH

No, I was not at Meeting on First Day.

ROTCH

Had thee been, then thee'd know why.

KEZIAH

But I was not.

ROTCH

Had thee been thee'd have heard thy name called, that thee should come before the Elders.

KEZIAH

And what for, William?

ROTCH

Well --, to make answer for having in thy house a --- spinet.

KEZIAH

Was that all?

ROTCH

Well --, no; not quite all.

KEZIAH

And what further, William?

ROTCH

I've no relish for this ;business; I hold no grudge against thee. I've always thought well of thee. Likely that's the reason I was chosen for this --'twas thought I might persuade thee to. . . . . .

KEZIAH

To what, William?

ROTCH

(He blurts it out) Keziah, there's much ill feeling in the town against thee. I see no very good cause for it, but -- it's so. Many are saying thee's become over-proud, that thee considers thyself too good for others. And many bring up the tale about the time Jethro was off, and thee had that loaded vessel brought into Quaise Harbor at night; they say the goods were smuggled --, though with half the merchants in America engaged in that enterprise I see no special crime attachable to thee. But the talk is, mostly, that thee's been running counter to thy neighbors, and to the Society of Friends, and that even so thee does not care. Now it's this spinet that

brings the business to a head. The Elders say thy having it is proff thee's no regard for the laws of the Society. So they chose me to come summon thee before them that thee may offer assurances thee'll give it up.

KEZIAH

The spinet?

ROTCH

Aye --. It will be considered by them a mark of thy good feelings, and -- the whole affair will be put out of mind.

KEZIAH

And if I refuse to give up the spinet?

ROTCH

But thee wouldn't refuse, Keziah. 'Tis but a small thing.

KEZIAH

But if I do?

ROTCH

(After a pause) Thee'd be read out of Meeting --, thee knows that. Thee'd be set aside!

KEZIAH

So I'm not liked in the town . . . . .

ROTCH

Why, I wouldn't put it precisely that way. I-------

KEZIAH

Oh --, thee has a better way to put it?

ROTCH

Why --, it's this way, Keziah .....

KEZIAH

Did thee not say there was much ill feeling against me?

bring the business to a head. The Elders say thy having it is proof thee's no regard for the laws of the Society. So they chose me to come aroun thee before them that thee may offer assurances thee'll give it up.

KERIAN

The spinet?

TOTCH

Aye --. It will be considered by them a mark of thy good feeling, and -- the whole affair will be put out of mind.

KERIAN

And if I refuse to give up the spinet?

TOTCH

But thee wouldn't refuse, Keziah. 'Tis but a small thing.

KERIAN

But if I do?

TOTCH

(After a pause) Thee'd be read out of meeting --, thee knows that. Thee'd be sore saddened!

KERIAN

So- I'm not liked in the town. . . . . .

TOTCH

Why, I wouldn't put it precisely that way. I------

KERIAN

Oh --, thee has a better way to put it?

TOTCH

Why --, it's this way, Keziah.....

KERIAN

Did thee not say there was much ill feeling against me?

ROTCH

I did, but . . . . . .

KEZIAH

Did thee not say that I was considered over-proud, and that some were so knowing as to believe me guilty of a terrible crime called smuggling?

ROTCH

Such was my regretful errand. But I tell thee.....

KEZIAH

Well, it's all quite true.

ROTCH

Is it?

KEZIAH

Isn't it?

ROTCH

But it is my own wish to make it clear to thee that it was all brought about as many misfortunes are, by a small matter --, in this instance, a spinet,; and that when thee's granted the request of the Elders .....

KEZIAH

Everyone will like me. Everyone will come running to be my friend, to buy from me. And --so on?

ROTCH

I believe it will make for good feeling toward thee, Keziah.

KEZIAH

Then thee may tell the Elders, William, that I shall be .....

KEZY

(Running in) Mama! Here's father! And he's brought a young man with him; Mr. Fanning -- who's handsome. But mama, father's very odd and silent. He said nothing, almost all the way up --, not even about a present.....

LOTCH

I did, but . . . . . .

MELLON

Did they not say that I was considered over-proud, and that some were so knowing as to believe no guilty of a terrible crime called smuggling?

LOTCH

Such was my regretful errand. But I tell thee.....
.....

MELLON

Well, it's all quite true.

LOTCH

Is it?

MELLON

Isn't it?

LOTCH

But it is my own wish to make it clear to thee that it was all brought about as many misfortunes are, by a small matter --, in this instance, a spinet;; and that when thou's granted the request of the Eldors .....
.... ..

MELLON

Everyone will like me. Every one will come running to be my friend, to buy from me. And --so on?

LOTCH

I believe it will make for good feeling toward thee, Lemuel.

MELLON

Then thou may tell the Eldors, William, that I shall be .....
... .

MARY

(Jumping in) Here's father! And he's brought a young man with him! Mr. Franklin! -- who's handsome. But mum, father's very old and silent. He said nothing, almost all the way up --, not even about a present.....
.....

(John Coffin, ordinarily a genial man of fifty, but right now a bearer of news plainly not good, enters from the hall.)

KEZIAH

Welcome to thee, John.

JOHN

(He grasps her arms briefly; then goes to fireplace) How's thee, Keziah. I'm pleased to see thee, William. Kezy told me thee was here.

ROTCH

Pleased to see thee back, John. Did thee have a fair voyage coming on?

JOHN

Fair but cold--, cold for April. This fire has a good feel to it. (There is a moment of silence as they all wait for him to speak) I presume likely youre all thinking it odd I should return so soon.

KEZIAH

(Refusing to be curious) Doubtless not so odd, if thy reason be known.

JOHN

Aye.

ROTCH

I'm thinking thee's brought disturbing news with thee, John.

JOHN

Thee's right, William.

KEZY

Oh father--, won't thee tell us!

(John Griffin, ordinarily a genial man of fifty, but right now a bearer of news plainly not good, enters from the hall.)

MARIAN

Welcome to those, John.

JOHN

(He crosses her arms briefly; then, uses to fireplace) How's Ches, Marian. I'm pleased to see them, William. Hey wait on those was here.

HOWE

Pleased to see them back, John. Did they have a fair voyage coming out?

JOHN

Fair but cold--, cold for April. This time has a good feel to it. (There is a moment of silence as they all wait for him to speak) I presume likely Perks all thinking it one I should return as soon.

MARIAN

(Refusing to be overlooked) Doubtless not as cold, if the reason be known.

JOHN

Aye.

HOWE

I'm thinking there's brought disturbing news with them, John.

JOHN

There's right, William.

MARY

Oh Father--, won't they tell us!

JOHN

(Proceeding slowly) I reached Boston Harbor three days ago, in the evening. The harbor looked very quiet as I came in. A British gunboat lay outside, and she spoke me, and ordered me to heave to, which I did. Her captain strongly refused me leave to take my vessel in for loading, and it was only after long persuasion that I was permitted to go ashore alone. Boston Harbor is closed tighter than any of us here believed.

ROTCH

So.....

JOHN

On my way through the town I perceived there was something out of the ordinary going on among the inhabitants. They were standing in small gatherings before their houses, talking in low tones among themselves. But it wasn't until I reached my friend Mr. Darnley's house that I learned what had happened. He was in a state of great agitation.....

KEZY

Oh, father, what did happen? (They all look at her, and she subsides, reluctantly)

JOHN

(Music background, fife and drum corps, very soft) It appears that rebels have been storing supplies and ammunition for some time in Concord. Late the night before a small force of British Regulars, commanded by a Major Pitcairn, had been dispatched out of Boston, under orders of General Gage, to march to Concord, and seize the supplies and ammunition. But the rebels got wind of the

JOHN

(Proceeding slowly) I reached Boston Harbor three days ago, in the evening. The harbor looked very quiet as I came in. A British gunboat lay outside, and she spoke me, and ordered me to heave to, which I did. Her captain strongly refused me leave to take my vessel in for landing, and it was only after long persuasion that I was permitted to go ashore alone. Boston Harbor is closed tighter than any of us have believed.

ROTON

So.....

JOHN

On my way through the town I perceived there was something out of the ordinary going on among the inhabitants. They were standing in small gatherings before their doors, talking in low tones among themselves. But it wasn't until I reached my friend Mr. Barclay's house that I learned what had happened. He was in a state of great agitation.....

JOHN

Oh, father, what did happen? (They all look at him, and he embarks, reluctantly)

JOHN

(Quite businessed, fits and starts, very soft) It appears that rebels have been storing supplies and ammunition for some time in Concord. Late the night before a small force of British Regulars, commanded by a Major Pitcairn, had been dispatched out of Boston, under orders of General Gage, to march to Concord, and seize the supplies and ammunition. But the rebels got wind of the

movement, and sent out two riders over the line of march, one, a man named Revere, to arouse their minute-men as they call themselves, and these minute-men all collected at Lexington, on the common. Early in the morning, when Major Pitcairn and his troops marched into Lexington and encountered these men, he ordered them to disperse. But they did not disperse. Theyopened fire.

Music in Distance Fife & Drum

ROTCH

Who opened fire, John?

JOHN

There is some question as to who did the first firing but I'm more ready to believe it was the rebels.

KEZY

I'm sure it must have been. They're so stupid!

ROTCH

(Music background comes up, fife and drum corps) I wonder what man will be the wiser for knowing who fired the first shot, if he does not know that it takes two to make a quarrel. So it's come to a head. And I seem to hear the whole land rising to this call - North - East - South - may soon be on the march.

KEZIAH

And after the firing, however it was, what happened? Was that all?

JOHN

No. Several of the minute-men were killed, and the rest were scattered. The Regulars, who lost only two or three men, continued on to Concord where they carried out their orders, and then started

movement, and sent out two riders over the line of march, one, a map named Barrere, to arouse their minute-men as they call themselves, and these minute-men all collected at Lexington, on the common. Early in the morning, when Major Pitcairn and his troops marched into Lexington and encountered these men, he ordered them to disperse. But they did not disperse. They opened fire.

NORTON

Who opened fire, Jack?

JACK

There is some question as to who did the first firing but I'm more ready to believe it was the rebels.

KATE

I'm sure it must have been. They're so cowardly!

NORTON

Pitcairn bungled once yo, fifty and drum output. I wonder what man will be the player for knowing who fired the first shot. If he does not know that it takes two to make a quarrel. So it's come to a head. And I mean to have the whole land rising to this call - North - East - South - may soon be on the march.

KATRINA

And after the firing, however it was, what happened? Was that all?

JACK

No. Several of the minute-men were killed, and the rest were scattered. The regulars, who lost only two or three men, continued on to Concord where they capture a lot stuff there, and then started

back. But during this time the rebels had collected more of their followers, and had stationed them along the road. And as the Regulars passed they were shot at from behind trees and rocks.

KEZY

That's just like those rebels --

KEZIAH

Quiet, Kezy!

JOHN

The regulars were nearly destroyed before they reached Lexington again, and would have been if a strong body of re-enforcements had not meanwhile arrived there to support them. Nevertheless, there followed a bloody battle. Many were killed on both sides. (Pause) And so I returned home; there was nothing else to do. Trading is at a standstill.

KEZIAH

(In background Music, fife and drum corps fade) And does thee think, John, that there might be a war?

JOHN

There's always hope it may be avoided. But I don't know.

ROTCH

If this affair at Lexington be all thee's said it is, there is already a war. We may expect stern measures from Parliament now, sterner than any so far.

JOHN

Aye, William. I heard much talk of heavy reprisals.

bank. But during this time the rebels had collected more of their followers, and had stationed them along the road. And as the Regulars passed they were shot at from behind trees and rocks.

EVAN

That's just like them today --

MARTIN

Quiet, Evan!

EVAN

The Regulars were nearly destroyed before they reached Lexington again, and would have been if a strong body of re-enforcements had not reasonably arrived there to support them. Nevertheless, there followed a bloody battle. Many were killed on both sides. (Pause) And so I returned home; there was nothing else to do. Treating it as a standstill.

MARTIN

(In background Ruth, Fife and Drum going fast) And does this think, John, that there might be a war?

JOHN

Thereby always hope it may be avoided. But I don't know.

MARTIN

If this affair at Lexington be all there's said it is, there is already a war. We may expect more measures from Parliament now, sterner than any so far.

JOHN

Aye, William. I heard much talk of heavy regulars.

ROTCH

And out of reprisals will come more grievances in the Colonies. Did thee hear any spouting about independence?

JOHN

I heard little. But there's no telling. The Second Congress meets in 5th month. There's no telling what some of these hot-headed fellows might do, such as Hancock and Adams and thy cousin Benjamin, Keziah.

KEZIAH

Though Benjamin Franklin and I are kin, I claim no kinship with his views. What is thee intending to do, John, now that thee's learned how things stand?

JOHN

I'm intending to make a voyage for oil.

KEZIAH

And when does thee think thee'll make thy voyage?

JOHN

I shall put out for the Vineyard to have my vessel fitted tomorrow.

KEZY

Why, father! So soon?

JOHN

There's no day to be wasted -- not now.

ROTCH

Is thee wise, John, to be putting out at this time?

JOHN

As to the wisdom of it, I can't say, William. But I'm certain there's no catch to be made in Nantucket Harbor.

BOTOM

And out of reprials will come more grievances in the Colonies. Did they hear any speeding about independence?

JOHN

I heard little. But there's no telling. The Second Congress meets in 5th month. There's no telling what some of these hot-headed fellows might do, such as Hancock and Adams and my cousin Samuel. Zealots.

WILLIAM

Though Benjamin Franklin and I are kin, I claim no kinship with his views. What is they intending to do, John, now that they've learned how things stand?

JOHN

I'm intending to make a voyage for oil.

WILLIAM

And when does Dove think she'll make ship voyage?

JOHN

I shall put out for the Vineyard to have my vessel fitted tomorrow.

KATE

Why, father! So soon?

JOHN

There's no day to be wasted -- not now.

BOTOM

In this view, John, to be putting out at this time?

JOHN

As to the wisdom of it, I can't say, William. But I'm certain there's no cotton to be made in Nantucket Harbor.

ROTCH

There'll be no catch to be made in the Atlantic Ocean if this Restraining Act is to be enforced. And I can see nothing now that will stop it from being enforced.

JOHN

There's still the Pacific. And 'tis my belief they'll not be too harsh on vessels from this port. It is well known we have no quarrel with Britain.

KEZIAH

Thee's right, John. I think as thee does. Why should we Nantucketers quarrel with Britain when she buys our oil? And thee'll sell no oil to Britain sitting at home.

ROTCH

I'm only wondering what quarrel Britain may have with us. Likely it's a misfortune; but this Island does belong to the Massachusetts Colony, even though we be thirty miles distant from it. The needs of life are a long way from here, and the distance will grow greater as the trouble rises.

KEZY

Mr. Rotch, does thee mean to say we'll have trouble getting even food and provisions here?

ROTCH

We will have every trouble. In dealing with either party we will bring the suspicion of the other upon us. That's the peculiar penalty for wishing to be peaceful. Well, I must go down along---- Oh, Keziah, thee was about to tell me what I may tell the Elders.

ANTON

There'll be no cards to be made in the Atlantic Ocean if this Nonintervention Act is to be enforced. And I can see nothing may that will stop it from being enforced.

JOHN

There's still the Pacific. And 'tis my belief they'll not be too backwards on vessels from this port. Is it well known we have no quarrel with Britain.

MARTAN

That's right, John. I think so this days. Why should we Northwesters quarrel with Britain when she buys our oil? And there'll soon be no oil to Britain sitting at home.

ANTON

It's only wondering what quarrel Britain may have with us. Likely it's a misfortune that this Island does belong to the Northwestern Colony, even though we be thirty miles distant from it. The needs of life are a long way from here, and the distance will give reason as the trouble rises.

MARY

Mr. Antonio, does this mean to say we'll have terrible nothing even food and provisions here?

ANTON

We will have every trouble. In dealing with either party we will bring the suspicion of the other upon us. That's the peculiar penalty for wishing to be peaceful. Well, I must go down along---- Martan, this was about to tell us what I may tell the Kidnes.

KEZIAH

Thee may tell the Elders, William, that I shall be too busy to come before them. I shall likely be too busy keeping my daughter at her spinet.

ROTCH

Yes----, Yes, of course. I shall tell them. Fare thee well. (He nods to the company in general, and goes. Kezy and John look after him then turn, puzzled, to Keziah)

KEZY

Mama! What.....?

JOHN

What is it, Keziah? (When she makes no reply) What did William mean about the Elders?

KEZIAH

Didn't thee hear, John, he's to tell them I shall be too busy to come before them?

JOHN

Come before them for what?

KEZIAH

For having the spinet.

KEZY

I knew that was the reason everyone acts the way they do.

JOHN

But surely if they've summoned thee, thee'll go before them, and hear what they would say to thee.

MARIAN

Then may tell the Elders, William, that I shall be too busy to come before them. I shall likely be too busy keeping my daughter at her spinet.

ROGER

Yes----, Ian, of course. I shall tell them. Pare thee well.

(He rushes to the courtyard in general, and goes. Mary and John look after him then turn, puzzled, to Katish)

KATE

Maest What.....?

ROGER

What is it, Kozlak? (When she makes no reply) What did William mean about the Elders?

MARIAN

Didn't thee hear, John, he's to tell them I shall be too busy to come before them?

ROGER

Come before them for what?

MARIAN

For having the spinet.

KATE

I know that was the reason everyone acts the way they do.

ROGER

But surely if they've summoned thee, thee'll go before them, and hear what they would say to thee.

war, John, this war that's coming; for it is a war, and it is coming. Fools are shouting and making mistakes. But no matter. The mistakes of fools profit those who are not fools!

JOHN

What is thee getting at?

KEZIAH

In one thing William is right. It will go hard with this island. However, true it may be that you and I and others have no quarrel with Britain when Britain and the Colonies come at each other, we will be lying in between; if we are to live, someone must see to it that the things of life be got here. Whoever does this will run much risk --, but, will gain much reward. Why not I?

JOHN

What is thy plan, Keziah?

KEZIAH

I will arrange with the British authorities in New York to let me trade there. I will be the first to do this, and so will make myself, perhaps, the last. Not everyone will have the privilege. I will buy as never before -- not pretty t hings, that no one needs, but food: flour, meat, salt -- and stuff for clothes.

JOHN

What makes thee believe the British will be so ready and willing to grant thee leave to trade? (The spinet is heard louder)

KEZIAH

I believe they will grant me leave, and I believe the young man in there is the one to bring this about.

war, John, this war that's coming for it is a war, and it is coming. Fools are shouting and making mistakes. But no matter. The minutes of fools pass with those who are not fools.

JOHN

What is that getting at?

ANTHAN

I'm one saying William is right. It will go hard with this island. However, true it may be that you and I and others have no quarrel with Britain when Britain and the Colonies come at each other, we will be living in between; if we are to live, someone must see to it that the things of life be got here. Whoever does this will run much risk --, but, will gain much reward. Why not I?

JOHN

What is thy plan, Zeelah?

ZEELAH

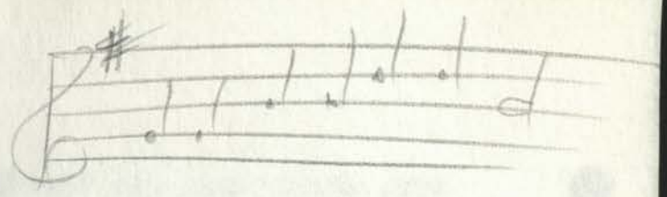
I will arrange with the British authorities in New York to let me trade there. I will be the first to do this, and so will make myself, mayhap, the lord. Not everyone will have the privilege. I will buy as never before -- not paying a king, that no one needs, but food: flour, meat, salt -- and start for Alabama.

JOHN

What makes that believe the British will be so ready and willing to grant thee leave to trade? (The animal in heard howlers)

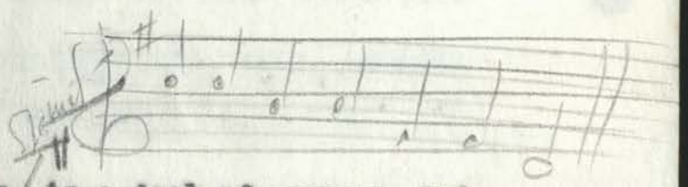
ZEELAH

I believe they will grant me leave, and I believe the young man in there is the one to bring this about.



JOHN

How might that be?



KEZIAH

Underneath that modest manner of his, is a deal of courage and willingness to take risks. I will dispatch him on the morrow - with a letter to Admiral Graves with instructions that he deliver it in person.

JOHN

Yes, but -

KEZIAH

The Admiral is not likely to refuse the personal request of the brother of one of General Howe's Captains. Especially if the Captain, himself, can be persuaded (with meaning) one way or another, to use his influence.

JOHN

But the ships, with this quantity of goods, will be obliged to run blockades, it would be a dangerous business.

KEZIAH

Someone must keep the Town from starving.

JOHN

Is it the Town's welfare thee's thinking of?

KEZIAH

Are not the necessities of life the Town's welfare?

JOHN

But is thee not aware that thy scheme would take capital and credit-- more than thee has?

JOHN

Then might they bet

WATTAN

Underwoods that modest number of him, is a deal of courage and willingness to take risks. I will stagnant him on the morrow - with a letter to Admiral Graves with instructions that he cultivat in his persons.

JOHN

Yes, but -

WATTAN

The Admiral is not likely to refuse the personal request of the brother of one of General Howe's Captains. Especially if the Captain, himself, can be persuaded (with gentleness) one way or another, to use his influence.

JOHN

And the ships, with this quantity of goods, will be obliged to run blockades. It would be a dangerous business.

WATTAN

Someone must keep the Town from starving.

JOHN

Is it the Town's welfare that's thinking of?

WATTAN

Are not the necessities of life the Town's welfare?

JOHN

But is there not assurance that the colonies would take equally two weeks-- more than they have?

KEZIAH

Yes,--, I am aware of it. And I am coming to it. (Pause, walks, turns) I want the use of thy properties, John. (He looks doggedly at her, but does not answer) Whatever thee's not taking with thee on thy voyage I want thee to sign to me. And, I want a thousand pounds.

JOHN

(After a pause) Thee wants a good deal.

KEZIAH

If I am wrong, and there's no war, I'll have no need of it. But if I am not wrong --- it will be a mere pittance to what I'll gain by it. I'll grow rich by it, John Coffin. Thee'll grow rich by it!

JOHN

Thee wants a good deal when thee's asking me to put all I have into such a venture.

KEZIAH

Venture? Think, John. Think of this spot of sand where little is grown to live by. Food, once here, will bring prices no one now dreams of. It is a piece of business, a big piece of business --- not a venture.

JOHN

A piece of business ---, Yes..... War is a piece of business, too, a big piece of business, and a bad piece of business ... and it's war thee's hoping for and waiting for; it's war thee wants, so thee may gain by the misfortunes of others ---, and I'll not help thee to it; I'll be no party to such a purpose. Thee's no concern for

ERNESTO

Yes,--, I am aware of it. And I am coming to it. (Frown, writing, burning) I want the use of my properties, John. (In hands decapitly at her, but does not respond) Whatever Chee's not seeking with Chee on his voyage I want Chee to sign to me. And, I want a thousand pounds.

JOHN

(After a pause) Chee wants a good deal.

ERNESTO

If I am wrong, and there's no war, I'll have no need of it. But if I am not wrong --- it will be a mere pittance to what I'll gain by it. I'll grow rich by it, John Griffin. Chee'll grow rich by it!

JOHN

Chee wants a good deal when Chee's asking me to put all I have into such a venture.

ERNESTO

Venture? Think, John. Think of this great of land where little is grown to live by. Food, once here, will bring prices no one now dreams of. It is a place of business, a big place of business --- not a venture.

JOHN

A place of business ---. Yes..... Yes is a place of business, too, a big place of business, and a bad place of business ... and it's war Chee's hoping for and waiting for; it's war Chee wants, so Chee may gain by the misfortunes of others ---, and I'll not help Chee to it; I'll be no party to such a purpose. There's no concern for

the town. There's some blackness in thy heart. (he starts as if to go; then turns) I've not seen it there like this before. However thee's come by this sudden ambition, I don't know. But I do know it's a mean ambition, mean and devilish ---, mean and devilish, ye hear! (He turns to go)

KEZIAH

John! (He stops in doorway, but does not turn) Wait, John. (Slowly) Thee is being unfair. Whatever thee may believe my motives to be, does thee not think I am justified when I am supplying the Island with the necessities of life? Thee's going off . . . . Well, I'm sorry thee's going.... (Quicker) I think it right thee should though; thee can gain nothing by staying here, and thee'll likely have much profit from thy voyage, with others not going; thy bravery will likely pay thee well. But it may be long before thee's returned and---- if the war goes badly with us here, what of me? What of thy daughter? What I have may be lost. I'd have no claim to thy properties, and ... thee may be-- delayed, or--- all the while thee may be --- something may have happened to thee.....(He turns and looks bitterly at her) Oh, it is unlikely, John---, but there's no telling.....

JOHN

Why, it's very likely, Keziah. Thee's right;-- it's very likely. (Pause) Of course, it's something odd thee'd think of it the first time now, when it's been just as likely for thirty years, with any voyage.....

the town. There's some bitterness in my heart. (He starts an if to get them turns) I've not seen it there like this before. However there's cons by this sudden ambition, I can't tell. But I do know it's a mean ambition, mean and devilish ---, mean and devilish, ye know! (He turns to go)

KEELER

Tom! (He stops in doorway, but does not turn) Wait, Tom. (Slowly) Tom is being unfair. Whatever else may bolster my motives to be, does this not think I am justified when I am supplying the Indians with the necessities of life? They're going off . . . . Well, I'm sorry they're going.... (Pause) I think it right time should through this can gain nothing by staying here, and they'll likely have much profit from thyroyage, with others not going. My prayers will likely say them well. But it may be long before they'e returned and---- If they are goes badly with us here, what of me? What of my daughter? What I have may be lost. I'd have no claim to my proportion, and ... then may be-- delayed, or--- all the while they may be --- something may have happened to them.....(He turns and looks pitiously at her) Oh, it is unlikely, Jane---, but there's no telling.....

KATE

Why, it's very likely, Keeler. There's right-- it's very likely. (Pause) Of course, it's surprising and they'd think of it the first time now, when it's been just as likely for thirty years, with my voyage.....

KEZIAH

There's been no trouble such as now to beset a man at sea.

JOHN

No----. Only the sea to swallow him, only the sun to fry him, ice to freeze him. (Pause) Thee shall have the properties, Keziah. Thee'll have the transfer in the morning; all vessels but one --- I will need one --- all boats, the warehouse, all properties in town, all gear, everything ---- and a thousand pounds. Do what thee will with it; it suddenly seems a burden to me. Do what thee will with it, and be damned to ye! (He stands looking hatefully at her for a moment; then turns and goes.) (Keziah stands tense and victorious, watching after him.)

Black Out

Music — 1 minute sea — Rocking — Sirens

MARTIAN

There's hope so terrible much as now to boast a day or two.

MARK

No----. Only the one to availing him. Only the man to try him. Can to freeze him. (Pause) Then shall have the properties, Martin. Then'll have the transfer in the morning; all vacancies but one --- I will need one --- all basis, the aerodrome, all properties in train, all gear, everything ---- and a thousand pounds. So what then will with it; is modestly asked a burden to me. So what then will with it, and be denied me yet. (He starts laughing hysterically as her Fire a response from Tuna and stop.) (Martin stands frozen and stupefied, watching Mark.)

FADE OUT

~~Interlude 4~~

Music Siren Sea (Dramatic) Up + Under

(Dramatic sea music comes up and swells into crescendo)

(Light comes on Ghost-of-the-Past)

(Music dims, but continues softly, as he speaks)

Ghost-Of-The-Past

Keziah, having gotten what she wanted, held sway for a short while;-

But it availed her little in the long run-

A neutral Town, aroused, turned against her-

And she lost out.-

Voice Of The Sea (From Right)

Many another suffered losses-

Voice (From Left)

The days were grim and bitter on the sandy strand-

Voice (From off Right)

With War, as well as the sea-

Taking their toll of ships.

Lost Ships by Elinor Dixon Glidden

Where are the ships of yesteryear?
A great ship has a soul.
Wrecks of old ship, blanched and sere-
Tossed upon a savage shoal
Are vacant shells, so gaunt and drear.
Alive and free the tall ships steer
Their course beyond the stars.
Beyond the last horizon bars
They storm through all eternities
Of emerald green and sapphire seas,
With clouds of canvas billowing
In strength and beauty towering-
The God of wind and flying foam
Brings the lost ships safely 'home'.

(Music ~~Fades~~ Up)

(Lights Dim - and Out)

CURTAIN

INTERMISSION

After intermission- (Interlude 4 cont.)

(Sea-chantey music in the background) -?

(Lights go up on Ghost-of-the-Past - standing at left)

Ghost-Of-The-Past

With the wars over, the Islanders could repair their barnacled hulls and start making the oceans their home again and earning their livings from the sea. Their coffers swelled and the Town grew. Ships came in and out with the tide - spars and masts filled all the wharves- eight, ten thousand souls, when not under sail, lived aboard the small space of land anchored so far at sea. And now in the year 1820, Nantucket whalemen are bringing home fortunes in their holds. Further and further, they have pushed their way across the Pacific for whales, and then for trade in the Orient. They know the ways of foreign ports better than the coastal cities of their own country - are more at home in Canton Harbour than New York, and return with treasures of porcelain and carved ivory, as well as teas and silks. The meeting place of the captains who had sailed around the Horn, they named the Pacific Club, and the bank is so-named because the money in its vaults came from oil and trade in the Pacific Ocean. Wives, mostly, remain at home, running small businesses, taking time out from household duties to gaze from the high-roof walks for an expected sail. Their Quaker principles have grown more rigid in the passing years and in their uniformly simple style of dressing, they are seen everywhere up and down the busy streets.

(Light fades - comes up on street drop)

(Voices of three sailors singing a chantey are heard- off right. They come nearer carrying their duffle, having just landed. Coming from the other way is a large Cape Verde negro, a harpooner,

Music - Sea Chantey

with a gold hoop in his ear and a colorful head-handkerchief. They stop their song and greet the harpooner.)

1st sailor - How many whales since we seen you in Macao?

Harpooner- You just come on?

2nd sailor- An hour ago, on the Grampus.

3rd sailor- See you at the grog-shop tonight.

(They start up again singing and go off- left)

Chantey Continues

(Harpooner starts down the street when a little Quaker girl in a coal-skuttle bonnet appears- she peers up at him and trips across stage to listen to singing men. Three other small Quaker children appear, all dressed more or less alike, and much the same as their elders. Woman in Quaker garb and bonnet and shawl follows them on.)

Quaker-woman- Hepzabeth- watch thy manners

(They are disappearing off left, as the Town-Crier's horn is heard coming closer- He comes in sight as the last Quaker child is leaving- and he gives her a hand bill.)

Town-Crier- (Blows horn) Tides high at 12.16. The sloop Grampus in from the Pacific. Ship Peru, Capt. Joshua Coffin to sail about May 1st.-Letter bag at Riddel's store on Main Street.

(Ghost of the Past has wandered on- from Right)

Ghost- All news, good or bad, will be in those letters- love messages that won't be read for months after they're written- births- deaths,-still news until the Peru

(Interlude & song.)

with a gold hoop in his ear and a colorful head-
handkerchief. They stop their song and greet the
harpooner.)

1st sailor - How many whales since we seen you in Nassau?

Harpooner- You just come out?

2nd sailor- An hour ago, on the Tarantas.

3rd sailor- See you at the grog-shop tonight.

(They start up again singing and go off- left)

(Harpooner starts down the street when a little quaker
girl in a coal-scuttle bonnet appears- she peers up at
him and trips across stage to listen to singing man.
Three other small Quaker children appear, all dressed
more or less alike, and much the same as their elders.
Women in Quaker garb and bonnet and shawl follows them
on.)

Quaker-woman- Rebecca!- watch thy manners

(They are disappearing off left, as the Town-Crier's
horn is heard a swing clover- He comes in right as the
last Quaker child is leaving- and he gives her a hand
bill.)

Town-Crier- (Blows horn) Ridee high at 12.16. The sloop Tarque
in from the Pacific. Ship Tara. Capt. Joshua Corlin to
sail about May 1st.-Letter bag at Biddel's store on
Main Street.

(Most of the fast has wandered on- from Right)

Chorus- All news, good or bad, will be in those letters- love
messages that won't be read for months after they're
written- births- deaths,-still news until the Tara

speaks all those other Nantucket ships-

Town-Crier- That's the life of a whaleman, and there's many a one that likes it!- Now me- just smelling all the blubber boiling up at Starbuck's try-works on New Dollar Lane is enough to keep me from wanting to sail in any whale-ship. Why they say when them whale-ships starts boiling the blubber, they stink up half the Pacific.-Bad enough here today- (Sniffs air and makes a wry face)

Ghost- Always is when the winds in the South-East.

Town-Crier- Same from the North-East too-when they fire up the try-pots on the harbour shore.

(Blows his horn)

High tide at-

(Jimmie Chase, a boy about ten years old, comes running to him)

Jimmie- The Falcon's in the harbour! Fog's lifted and she's over the bar a'ready- Captain Burnell's master-

(starts running off)

I want to be the first to tell Friend Burnell!

Town-Crier- Well-well-they're comin' and goin' for cartain-

(Blows horn and calls out)

Ship Falcon coming on-Adam Burnell, Master-

(His voice trails off as the lights dim and curtain rises on Living-room of Burnell home)

(Interlude 4- cont.)

opening all these other Nantucket ships-

Town-Crier- That's the life of a whaleman, and there's many a one that likes it!- Now me- just smelling all the blubber boiling up at Starbuck's try-works on New Dollar Lane is enough to keep me from wanting to sail in any whaling-ship. Why they say when them whale-ships starts boiling the blubber, they think up half the Pacific.-Red enough here today- (Sniffs air and makes a sad face)

Chant- Always in what the winds in the South-East.

Town-Crier- Same from the North-East too-when they fling up the kettle on the harbour shore.

(Blows his horn)

High tide ho-

(Jimmie Chase, a boy about ten years old, comes running to him)

Jimmie- The Falcon's in the harbour! Fog's lifted and she's over the bar a'ready- Captain Purnell's master-

(shouts running off)

I want to be the first to tell Richard Purnell!

Town-Crier- Well-well-they're coming' and going' for certain-

(Blows horn and calls out)

Ship Falcon coming co-Adam Purnell, Master-

(His voice trails off as the lights dim and curtain rises on living-room of Purnell home)

EPISODE 4.

"The China Trade"

By-Margaret Georgia Fawcett

Characters

Dorcas Burnell
Patience Burnell - (Her mother)
Captain Adam Burnell - (Her father)
Miriam Joy - (a neighbor)
Luther Chase - (a seaman)
Daniel Swaine - (a seaman)
James Folger - (a boy)

Scene is the living-room of the Burnell home on Upper-Main Street in Nantucket, in the year 1820.

The room is in a handsome house of the period. The fire-place wall at rear is paneled - and two plain brass candle-sticks stand on the mantel-piece, with a large picture of a sailing vessel hanging over it. There is a doorway in Right wall leading to interior, and one in Left wall leading to hall. Also - windows in Left wall. The furnishings are handsome but simple mahogany chairs and tables, etc. A sea-chest stands under the window and high-backed rockers are right and left of fire-place.

When curtain rises - the room is in slight disarray as spring cleaning is under way. Dorcas Burnell, a pretty girl of seventeen dressed in Quaker garb of the period, is busy dusting and rubbing down the furniture.

After a few seconds pause her mother comes down stairs and enters from hallway quickly. She is a severe, unhappy looking woman with an erect carriage. Patience also wears a dress of plain color, with white fichu and bonnet and apron. She carries a telescope which she puts on mantel-piece.

PATIENCE

Thee is right, Dorcas. It is thy father's vessel. (Removes cloak and carries it to hall while she talks). She is in the harbor already. So close I could spy the men walking on the deck.

DORCAS

Father, - home! Father home once more! To think of it! (Dances about).

EP. 4

EPISODE 4.

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Characters

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Patience Burnell - (Her mother)
Captain Adam Burnell - (Her father)
Miriam Joy - (a neighbor)
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When curtain rises - the room is in slight disorder as spring cleaning is under way. Dorcas Burnell, a pretty girl of seventeen dressed in Quaker garb of the period, is busy dusting and rubbing down the furniture.

After a few seconds pause, her mother comes down stairs and enters from hallway quickly. She is a severe, unhappy looking woman with an erect carriage. Patience also wears a dress of plain color, with white fichu and bonnet and apron. She carries a telescope which she puts on mantel-piece.

PATIENCE

Thee is right, Dorcas. It is thy father's vessel. (Removes cloak and carries it to hall while she talks). She is in the harbor already. So close I could spy the men walking on the deck.

DORCAS

Father, - home! Father home once more! To think of it! (Dances about).

PATIENCE

Dorcas! As I came down from the roof-walk I could see thee has not washed down the attic stairs. I have to speak of this each spring and fall. It is time thee should mend thy ways, and keep thy mind on thy work. (Patience goes to hall. Brings back three rugs).

DORCAS

I'm sorry, mother.

PATIENCE

Sorry will not wash the stairs - go see to it at once.
(Patience is busy laying rugs during the next few speeches)

DORCAS

But mother - with father's vessel in the harbour?

PATIENCE

(Remembering) Thy father! - To be sure! Three years voyage and he is to come ashore in the midst of Spring cleaning. Well, see to this room first, then.

DORCAS

Yes, mother.

PATIENCE

The neighbors will be flocking in here putting it in a mux -- Just as we have it ship-shape. No sooner will it be told up and down the square, that "The Falcon" has docked, than all his cronies will be in and out, with their muddy boots. Tis a pity, but soon he will be off again.

DORCAS

Mother, don't talk of his going. He's coming, that's what is

PATIENCE

Potcrat! As I come down from the roof-wall I could see Spec

DONCAS

Mon mother - with Imphet's arrest in the newspaper?

PATIENCE

(Hesitant) The Imphet - to be sure! Three years ago and

DONCAS

(Patience is push fighting tears during the next two speeches)
Sorry will not mean the earth - go see to it at once.

PATIENCE

I'm sorry, mother.

DONCAS

Pa is to come home in the midst of spring cleaning. Well, see

to this room first, then.

PATIENCE

The neighbors will be flocking in here because it is in a mess --

DONCAS

Yes, mother.

PATIENCE

Just as we have it spic-span. No sooner will it be cold up and

down the street that "the Falcon" has docked, then all the cronies

will be in and out, with their muddy boots. Its a pity, but soon

he will be this again.

DONCAS

Mother, don't talk of his going. He's coming, that's what is

but mother - with Imphet's arrest in the newspaper?

PATIENCE

spring and fall. It is time that should mend the walls, and keep

the mind on the work. (Patience goes to hall. Strike back three

times).

DONCAS

I'm sorry, mother.

PATIENCE

Sorry will not mend the matter - go see to it at once.

(Patience is push fighting tears during the next two speeches)

DONCAS

Potcrat! As I come down from the roof-wall I could see Spec

PATIENCE

(Hesitant) The Imphet - to be sure! Three years ago and

DONCAS

Yes, mother.

PATIENCE

The neighbors will be flocking in here because it is in a mess --

Just as we have it spic-span. No sooner will it be cold up and

down the street that "the Falcon" has docked, then all the cronies

will be in and out, with their muddy boots. Its a pity, but soon

he will be this again.

DONCAS

Mother, don't talk of his going. He's coming, that's what is

so pleasing. He'll be here in this very room, before the day is over telling of fine adventures, and of sights and scenes so far away. Tis what I long to hear -

PATIENCE

Thee best straighten the chair and dust behind the rungs and forget far away things.

DORCAS

Yes, mother.

(Knock at door)

BOY

(Excited voice outside) ¡Friend Burnell - Friend Burnell !

PATIENCE

There! More interruptions. Who can be rousing the town with their loud calling. (Opens outer door.) I might have known it would be thee James Folger. Thee never knows when to behave.

JAMES

Tis the captain, ma'am - he's in the harbour! "The Falcon" has crossed the bar - as the fog cleared we saw her - and she is already in the harbour - I'm the first - I know I'm the first to tell thee.

DORCAS

Thee is - James - thee is - (Crosses to fireplace to get gold piece.)

PATIENCE

Thee be the first, yes, to tell us, but Dorcas - leave the gold piece where it is.

DORCAS

But mother, when everyone does --?

so pleasing. He'll be here in this very room, before the day is over telling of fine adventures, and of sights and scenes so far away. Tis what I long to hear -

PATIENCE

Thee best straighten the chair and dust behind the rugs and forget far away things.

DORCAS

Yes, mother.

(Knock at door)

BOY

(Excited voice outside) Friend Burnell - Friend Burnell !

PATIENCE

There! More interruptions. Who can be rousing the town with their loud calling. (Opens outer door.) I might have known it would be thee James Folger. Thee never knows when to behave.

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DORCAS

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PATIENCE

Thee be the first, yes, to tell us, but Dorcas - leave the gold piece where it is.

DORCAS

But mother, when everyone does ---?

PATIENCE

Thee need not remind me of the Town custom to give a gold piece to the first to let the family know. But I see no reason to give the gold piece to James when we have already known these ten minutes.

JAMES

(Crestfallen) But Friend Burnell -

PATIENCE

Get along with thee. We have much to be doing.

DORCAS

(Smiling at him behind her mother's back.) Come later, Jimmie, when we have more time. Father will be glad to see thee grown such a big boy - and (she indicates she will give him money) he will wish to thank thee for coming to tell us.

JAMES

Yes, Friend Dorcas. I'm going to the wharf straight away -- they say she will tie up at Old North - Good bye. (He is gone.)

DORCAS

(Crossing quickly to the mother) Mother, couldn't I go too? I've never seen one of father's ships come in. Couldn't I be there on the wharf to wave to him - mayn't I?

PATIENCE

(Drawing herself up.) Thee knows thee may not! When did the self-respecting wife or daughter of a Nantucket whaleman ever take part in the public welcome of a returned vessel. It is in his home that the master of a ship is received; thee knows that. Now tie back the curtains, and see thee does it properly -

PATIENCE

Thee need not remind me of the Town custom to give a gold piece to the first to let the family know. But I see no reason to give the gold piece to Jamie when we have already *known* thee ten minutes.

JAMES

(*Crestfallen*) But Friend Burwell -

PATIENCE

Get along with thee. We have much to be doing.

DORCAS

(*Sidling at him behind her mother's back.*) Come later, Jimmie, when we have more time. Father will be glad to see thee grown such a big boy - and (*she indicates she will give him money*) he will wish to thank thee for coming to tell us.

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(*Crossing quickly to the mother*) Mother, couldn't I go too? I've never seen one of father's ships come in. Couldn't I be there on the wharf to wave to him - *never!* ?

PATIENCE

(*Drawing herself up.*) Thee knows thee may not! When did the self-respecting wife or daughter of a Nantucket whaleman ever take part in the public welcome of a returned vessel. It is in his home that the master of a ship is received; thee knows that. Now tie back the curtains, and see thee does it properly -

DORCAS

(Going to window - down Left) I wonder what gifts he will bring this time?

PATIENCE

None of that heathen folderol from China, I trust.

DORCAS

Father couldn't refuse the gifts of his friend, Feng Tse An. May I get them out of the chest again, now?

PATIENCE

I see no good reason.

DORCAS

But wouldn't Father be angry if he didn't find them here in the room where he had left them?

PATIENCE

Very well, I suppose thee must. But they have no useful purpose and it is contrary to the laws of the Meeting. If the Elders see see them they will talk.

DORCAS

(At Chest - carefully unwrapping large Chinese vase) How could they not be glad to see anything so lovely! Look, mother - look at its color --- its design, the exquisite detail! Oh, I had forgotten - I had forgotten there could be so much beauty in one small object.

PATIENCE

Thee talks of beauty, child, as if it had a purpose.

DORCAS

(Looks at her mother as she unwraps more treasures). But couldn't

DONGAS

(Going to window - down left) I wonder what gifts he will bring this time?

PATIENCE

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PATIENCE

Thee talks of beauty, child, as if it had a purpose.

DONGAS

(Looks at her mother as she unwraps more treasures). But couldn't

we have more beauty in the things that have a purpose? (More or less to herself as she handles treasures) To think of living in a land where, everywhere, there be so much colour! Someday I'm to see it. On his next voyage Father will take me. He promised he would.

PATIENCE

Such a promise he makes to hear his own tongue! How could thee make a voyage alone, with no other female, on a rough vessel around the Horn? Thee is daft, child, if thee has taken thy father's promises to heart.

DORCAS

But I am grown, now. Thee said I could not go before because I was too little, and couldn't take care of myself. But now----

PATIENCE

But now thee is old enough to know better than to imagine thee could go at all. Hand me that dust cloth, Dorcas, and leave off thy dreaming. We must flax. (Dorcas has been arranging vases and other Chinese objects on the mantlepiece.) Yes, mother, we must. I'm sorry, I forgot to hurry. (Takes another look at vase) But Mother, shouldn't I go to the store? Have we enough provisions for Father's home coming?

PATIENCE

He can share what we have. We've been on short rations this six months with your father off at sea months longer than he planned. But he will go to those Chinese ports! We can be getting nothing extra until we learn what sort of voyage he's had. It may be that

he returns with an empty hold.

DORCAS

Not father! Why he's the best Master, and owns the finest whaleship out of Nantucket Harbour! (Showing her excitement) Oh, Mother, I shall put on my new gown that I wear to Meeting, to let Father see how grown up I am now!

PATIENCE

I don't see that it's necessary. He will see thee in thy gown on First Day. Change thy apron and cap if thee wishes. That should be sufficient.

DORCAS

Yes, mother. (Starts off)

Patience

We must continue straightening the house until sun-down. There is no telling when thy father'll arrive. He may stop anywhere on his way up Main Street.

DORCAS

(As she goes) I hope he doesn't. The house will seem so happy again with Father about it, whistling. (Exit Dorcas upstairs)

PATIENCE

(To herself.) And blaspheming! If he had but stayed from the sea and become an elder as he promised me, ~~how different things would be!~~ (She is putting on her apron. She crosses to fireplace and picks up Chinese vase and turns it about as if to try to find out what Dorcas thought so beautiful. Continues to herself.) But no - he must set off for foreign parts -- ~~to see strange sights~~ and bring back such things as these, to put poison in my child's mind.

MIRIAM

(Knock) May I come in?

PATIENCE

(Calling out) Come in - come in Friend Joy. (Miriam Joy enters with shawl about her shoulders, carrying covered dish)

MIRIAM

Thee has heard of course.

PATIENCE

Yes, we've heard.

MIRIAM

Thee must surely be in a mux, to get ready to receive thy good man. I baked early today so I came right over with a pan of "hearts and rounds" as soon as I heard. Most men have a sweet tooth.

PATIENCE

Thank thee. (Crosses with cakes - off right and in again - talking as she goes) With the fog so thick the vessel was not sighted outside the bar, so I had no time to bake.

MIRIAM

(Sits left of fire-place) After three years, my but thy feelings must be all of a flutter.

PATIENCE

(Going on with her polishing furniture) To be sure -

MIRIAM

It's true, though, when one has become accustomed to having no man in the house, it's not easy at first having one about again - with their smoking and their uncertain houses -

PATIENCE

It is the Lord's will.

MIRIAM

Still, there are times when I come home from keeping shop, that I ~~would~~ would like to find William Joy again sitting by the stove, with his pipe. Though it did muckle me a good deal when he'd drop ashes on the floor, instead of in the hod! To be sure, he was a quiet man.

PATIENCE

All men cannot be the quiet kind -

MIRIAM

Yes "and the good die young" as the saying goes. Oh! I don't mean anything against thy husband, Friend Burnell, and of course, many another Master of a whaleship prefers to carouse when he's ashore instead of attending meeting. -

PATIENCE

Too long at sea brings out the worst in a man. Men are all alike at heart.

MIRIAM

No doubt - no doubt - and, as I say, 'Tis better to have a rough one, than none at all.-- Well I know, these many years tending shop, and bringing up my boy, by myself. Still Reuben has turned out to be a great comfort to me, now that he has settled down and has put aside all notions of becoming a whaleman.

PATIENCE

Thee should be grateful, indeed, to have thy boy, and to keep him by thee.

MIRIAM

I know what thee's thinking - and I feel for thee. Thy boy would have been grown by now too. - But thee has Dorcas -

PATIENCE

Yes, I have Dorcas. -

(Miriam continues to rattle on)

MIRIAM

She tells everyone she's going to sail on her father's ship. But of course it's just a notion. (Casting an eye at the Mantle) There, you've brought out all those foreign things again! - I presume likely the Captain does feel more at home with foreign things about him, he spends so much time over there, but they make a lot more work with the dusting. - By the way - Friend Burnell - does thee think the Captain will bring back any of that China tea? I'd like to have it before any of the other shop keepers. - The town is low on tea. You'll ask him for me won't you? - I'll pay cash, of course, if necessary - but we could make a good trade. - Now there's the bolt of cloth Dorcas was looking at -

PATIENCE

Yes, yes -

DORCAS

(From upstairs) He's coming - Father's coming!

MIRIAM

There I'll not tarry - thee'll want thy man to thyself - at least, at first - But don't forget to ask the Captain about the tea.

(Miriam exits, Left)

PATIENCE

I'll remember. Good day to thee.

(Patience crosses to window to look out)

(Dorcas comes downstairs quickly)

DORCAS

I saw him turn the corner, -- at the Barney house. Two of the crew are with him, carrying great boxes. I never was so excited. I think one of the men is Daniel Swain, and the other Luther Folger, but I couldn't be sure.

PATIENCE

(Going center Right, to Dorcas) It would be unseemly for anyone to see thee in such a state, Dorcas. Remember the rules for the conduct of a young lady that thee has been taught by the Oversee-ers, if thee can't feel in thy heart what becomes thee.

DORCAS

(Holding herself in) Yes, mother.

(Captain Burnell(s voice is heard outside.)

BURNELL

House ahoy! House ahoy! Wife! Where be thee, and our child!

Patience Burnell - here be your wandering, but rightful husband.

(Dorcas had started for the door -- Patience has restrained her - Now the door is thrown open and Captain Adam Burnell comes into sight in the doorway. There is a silence as he stands looking from his wife to his daughter and about the room.)

BURNELL

(As he crosses to Patience) Well, Patience, how is thee? Thee looks to have fared well. (He embraces her and puts a kiss on her forehead.)

PATIENCE

Captain Burnell, I am in good health, and grateful for thy safe return. (He looks again at his daughter and she runs into his arms.)

BURNELL

My little one!

DORCAS

Oh, father, my heart's so full I dare not speak!

BURNELL

How thee has grown, child! A young lady, as I had expected. With as trim a top-s'l as any sailor lad could ask! Good enough! And thee has been a good girl, I'll wager, and done thy mother's bidding!

PATIENCE

(Has sat, right of fireplace) Thee need not start thy wagering, Captain. The child has grown into obedience and respect for her elders, and has not neglected her duties, more than most of her age.

BURNELL

Good! Good! Consarn it -- the men and my duffle! Left waiting outside! This will never do! They'll want to see their families as well. (Calls out) Come aboard, men! I'll not keep you from your own hearths - Just put the lot of it here -- anywhere-- but handle that big one careful - not like you were shoving a barrel of oil about the deck. That's it. That'll about do it.

(Luther and Daniel have brought in, first, a sea-chest and large dunnage bag. The next time they bring a huge flat object covered in burlap).

LUTHER AND DANIEL

Aye, sir.

BURNELL

Mrs. Burnell - you know these two - Tom Folger's eldest, Luther. And this is the Swain boy - name's Daniel. Both good seamen.

DANIEL

How de do, Friend Burnell. - How's thee?

PATIENCE

Welcome home to thee, Luther, and to thee Daniel. Your mothers will be glad to see you grown to manhood.

BURNELL

And here's my Dorcas. You three must have played up and down these cobblestones together.

DORCAS

(Going to them) Luther, I didn't know thee at first. Daniel, you won't pull my pigtail now because I don't have one!

DANIEL

Now Dorcas, that's not a thing to throw up to a man - been gone these three years, and never a letter from thee, during all that time.

LUTHER

Yes, Dorcas, you didn't remember any of your school-mates so far away.

DANIEL

I'll wager she had no time to think of us and then Whales in the Pacific, with all the stay-at-homes, here in the Atlantic.
(They laugh loudly.)

BURNELL

All right, men, you'll see Dorcas again. You'd best be getting to

your homes now. Here's for a little extra grog. Only don't tell 'em at Meeting.

LUTHER

(Lumbering out quickly) Thank you, Sir. Good bye, Friend Burnell.

DANIEL

See you sometime soon, Dorcas. Good bye.

DORCAS

Goodbye, Daniel. Bye Luther. (They exit)

BURNELL

(Exuberantly, sitting with arm about Dorcas.) And now, lets have all the news. Howhave you two fared? What's gone on in the town? Who's married whom? Who ought to have married whom and didn't?

DORCAS

Father!

PATIENCE

(Pretending to ignore his remark, gazing at the largest crate.) What might that contraption be? We have no more room in this house for anything so huge.

BURNELL

That, my good Patience, is my most cherished possession. Next to my wife and child I value that contraption, as you call it, more than anything else I own. It was given me by one, whose kindness, I can never repay, whose cordiality, whose friendship, I can never forget! We are blood brothers. We have pledged our everlasting loyalty to one another, and to the families of each other for generations.

PATIENCE

And who are you talking of?

BURNELL

It is Feng Tse An.

PATIENCE

That Chinaman - I thought so.

BURNELL

Feng Tse An is a Cantonese gentleman of the Chinese race, he's the Merchant Prince, whose house I've traded with, on every voyage I've made around the Horn. It's he, and his family, who have sent you these handsome gifts in the past.

PATIENCE

Yes, yes, but what of this? What can it be that's so large?

BURNELL

That's a portrait, the portrait of Feng Tse An himself.

PATIENCE

A picture? That?

BURNELL

It's his very likeness. He engaged the best artist in Canton to paint both our portraits. Imagine your old father, Dorcas, sitting long enough to have his picture painted. But I had to, By gad, norhing must do but my picture must be painted also. Yes, and that picture of me was hanging in his home before I left those shores. And he presented this of himself to me, and it is his wish and mine that it hang on these walls as long as I live and afterwards. I shall haunt anyone who dares to remove it. I've pledged my word.

PATIENCE

(Incredulous.) A huge picture like that of a Chinaman hanging on our wall?

BURNELL

Yes Patience. I don't make many demands around our home. Whether at sea, or ashore, I let you run things pretty much as you like. But this one wish is a command and I expect to have no argument about it.

PATIENCE

Very well, since it is thy wish, so must it be. But thee will have to make thy peace with the Elders, thyself.

BURNELL

So be it. I would like to see the Elders try to tell me how to run my vessel at sea. 'Tis the same on shore. Besides, what can they say to me? Didn't they read me out of Meeting, this three years past?

PATIENCE

And for me it was the saddest day I ever had to endure.

BURNELL

(Patting her) Don't get in the mollygrumps, Patience. If some of us weren't to go to hell, heaven would be over crowded.

DORCAS

Father, do unpck the picture. I want, so much, to see it.

BURNELL

All in good time, It'll hwe to be done carefully.

DORCAS

Did Feng Tse An, and his little boy, like the presents I sent them?

BURNELL

To be sure. They went on about them at a great rate. But now the little boy is a grown man, and has sent you this chest - full of every kind of thing imaginable all for my little "Looi - Ong" who is now a grown young woman.

DORCAS

"Dancing about.) Oh, father - let me see them!

BURNELL

(Takes her chin in hand) First tell me - how many of these Nantucket dandies are you walking out with, young lady? Who has asked you to stand-up-in-meeting? Thee's not yet hooked in, I trust?

DORCAS

(Turning away, blushingly but not shy.) Oh no, father, of course not!

BURNELL

Thee would not fudge about it? Is this the truth, wife?

PATIENCE

And well it is. The child is too young yet for such matters.

BURNELL

Maybe - but she is no longer a child, that any man can see.

DORCAS

Father - I have no wish for a part in such matters. I am to go to sea with thee - thee promised I should, the next voyage. I'd rather do that, than walk-out with any young man in Nantucket! I want to feel the wind as the "Falcon" rounds the Horn. I want to sail and sail as if it might be forever, across the great Pacific, and then someday come to that coast where all is strange and bright.

I want to see Canton and all the sights you've told me of - I want to see the wide Pearl River with the sampans on it, the narrow Chinese streets with the coolies in their funny hats, the great Mandarins with their embroidered robes - Oh, I will, won't I - someday - won't I/

BURNELL

(Turns away after catching Patience's eye.) We'll see, we'll see. But first thee must open the chest - Dorcas, and look at thy presents.

DORCAS

Oh yes, yes, please!

BURNELL

It will tax thee to keep an even keel when thee spies what's inside.

(Dorcas Opens chest and stands gazing inside. Patience has taken up her knitting. Burnell stands watching Dorcas.)

PATIENCE

Thee and thy heathen companions will turn her head, if I mistay not.

DORCAS

Oh - oh, such pretty boxes and all this golden paper. (She picks out a box and opens it) Jewels - jewels for me! You never told them I wouldn't be allowed to wear them? But I can look at them and take the lovely coral and jade pieces and hold them in my hand. See mother, how beautiful. (She ;runs quickly to Patience who looks and says nothing. Dorcas goes quickly back to chest, taking out another box.) And what's this, father? For the head - oh, do they really wear anything as pretty as that?

BURNELL

Yes, for festivals, and such like.

I want to see Canton and all the sights you've told me of - I want to see the wide Pearl River with the sampans on it, the narrow Chinese streets with the coolies in their funny hats, the great landlords with their embroidered robes - Oh, I will, won't I - somehow - won't I?

BUCKNELL

(Turns away after catching Patience's eye.) We'll see, we'll see. But first thee must open the chest - Dorcas, and look at thy presents.

DORCAS

Oh yes, yes, please!

BUCKNELL

It will tax thee to loop an even knot when thee spies what's inside.

(Dorcas opens chest and stands gazing inside. Patience has taken up her knitting. Bucknell stands watching Dorcas.)

PATIENCE

Thee and thy heathen companions will turn her head, if I mistake not.

DORCAS

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BUCKNELL

Yes, for festivals, and such like.

DORCAS

(Taking out long robe.) And what can this be, Embroidered all over? And such heavy silk - why it's a robe, a beautiful robe!

PATIENCE

A sinful waste, I should think, to put all that work on something to hang on the back.

BURNELL

'Tis the robe sent to a Chinese bride.

DORCAS

(Enraptured with robe has heard no one.) Oh, I must put it on. This one time. Mayn't I mother?

PATIENCE

But thee's to remember the reading of the Discipline, Dorcas, the "bright things of this world are of short duration."

DORCAS

Yes, mother. (Starry eyed, runs out clutching robe and two boxes.) (Burnell sits)

PATIENCE

There must be no more of this talk of the East. She day-dreams constantly of those far away places. No good, will come of it. But first tell me of thy voyage? What of thy lay? It should be good, after three years.

BURNELL

Not so bad; not so bad.

PATIENCE

"Not so bad" tells me as little as if thee had told me nothing at all. We've been on short rations, Dorcas and I, since the 1st month of this

DORCAS

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(Burnell sits)

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BURNELL

Not so bad; not so bad.

LAURENCE

"Not so bad" tells me as little as if thee had told me nothing at all. We've been on short rations, Dorcas and I, since the 1st month of this

year. It would be good to hear thee had done well, Adam.

BURNELL

And why, consarn it, have you and Dorcas not had enough to eat for six months, I'd like to know, when I told thee I'd arranged for thee to borrow at the bank, if I should be gone over two years?

PATIENCE

I take no delight in borrowing from anyone, much less from a bank. I value my credit too much - and it's too great a risk. Thee might return with out enough to pay it back, and its always possible thee might not return at all.

BURNELL

Well, I did, consarn it! And thee need pinch and scrape no longer. My lay was 1000 barrels, not so damn bad - as I told thee.

PATIENCE

It would sound better to me if thee did not swear about it so idly. In the past thee's done better, and been gone for a shorter time. Could it not be that the time spent cruising those China waters, and consorting with Chinamen, could be used to better advantage?

BURNELL

Might be! But I've not found it so. I told thee my lay came to 1000 barrels but thee's not given me time to tell of my trading. While I've been cruising in those China waters and consorting with Chinamen, as thee puts it, I've been trading with them and I feel my time well spent, since the tea and silks I brought back to New York brought me 20,000 dollars in return. You see, good Patience, I doubt if my time could have been put to better advantage.

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BUCHANAN

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PATIENCE

I stand corrected, husband. Thee has done well, indeed. Though I wish our gains could have come through trading with other than heathen, but thee has followed thy Guidance as thee saw it, I presume, and I should be grateful.

BURNELL

Thee should, by gad, thee should. Thee and Dorcas may have all of the best from now on. Feng Tse An and I have access to all the best markets. I can't compete with the Clipper ships, not by a long shot, but I can bring enough goods, and fast enough to make a good trade. Next voyage I shall do even better. Yes, there'll be no need to worry in our old age now, Patience. Whatever thee says about me, thee won't be able to say I haven't been a good provider. Not by a damn sight. (Patience CRINGES)

DORCAS

(Calls off stage) Father - mother - look at me! (Enters radiant in the Chinese robe, wearing the headdress and jewels.)

PATIENCE

(Catches her breath and looks away) Dorcas! What vanity! What vain trappings.

BURNELL

Bless, me child, but thee does make a picture!

DORCAS

(Running to him) Oh, father, I never was so happy, I never felt anything so soft nor saw anything so beautiful as this robe (she hugs it to her) it feels wonderful.

BURNELL

It suits you - I don't know why, but it does, somehow. So you really like it?

LATIMER

I stand corrected, husband. Thee has done well, indeed. Though I wish our gains could have come through trading with other than heathen, but thee has followed thy Guidance as thee saw it, I presume, and I should be grateful.

BURKHALT

Thee should, by god, thee should. Thee and Dorcas may have all of the best from now on. Feng Tao Ah and I have access to all the best markets. I can't compete with the Clipper ships, not by a long shot, but I can bring enough goods, and fast enough to make a good trade. Next voyage I shall do even better. Yes, there'll be no need to worry in our old age now, Latimer. Whatever thee says about me, thee won't be able to say I haven't been a good provider. Not by a damn sight. (Laughs Gleefully)

DORCAS

(Calls off stage) Father - mother - Look at me! (Dorcas radiant in the Chinese robe, wearing the headdress and jewels.)

LATIMER

(Catches her breath and looks away) Dorcas! What vanity! What vain trappings.

BURKHALT

Bless, no child, but thee does make a picture!

DORCAS

(Running to him) Oh, father, I never was so happy. I never felt anything so soft nor saw anything so beautiful as this robe (who buys it for her) it feels wonderful.

BURKHALT

It suits you - I don't know why, but it does, somehow. So you really like it?

DORCAS

Like it! Oh, I wish I could wear bright, happy clothes like this all the time!

BURNELL

Does thee really feel that way about it, child? Does thee think thee'd like to go over there to that far away place - away from all thy friends and make thy home?

DORCAS

Oh, yes, yes. Are we going there to live someday? That would be wonderful!

BURNELL

Well, I did think of settling down there - when I left the sea - yes, that has occurred to me often.

PATIENCE

To die and be buried in a foreign land?

BURNELL

Hadn't thought about that part of it, - but why not! Same old worms to eat us over there! But in the meantime let's think of pleasanter matters, I hadn't figured to come right out with this as soon as I landed but - well - since the subject has come up, here's the gist of it. Things like this are arranged by the families over there in the Orient, and sometimes they turn out better than they do over here. Now, it's like this. Feng Tse An has a son - his eldest - as fine a lad as I've known, well, we've talked it over a good deal - Feng and I and the thought that our families might unite - made life seem very worthwhile to both of us. So I have promised him that, if you and your mother consent, - I would bring you back on my next voyage, to wed his ;boy.

DOUGLAS

Like it! Oh, I wish I could wear bright, happy clothes like this all the time!

DUCHESS

Does they really feel that way about it, child? Does they think they'd like to go over there to that far away place - away from all thy friends and make thy home?

DOUGLAS

Oh, yes, yes. Are we going there to live somedayy? That would be wonderful!

DUCHESS

Well, I did think of settling down there - when I left the sea - yes, that has occurred to me often.

ANTIGONE

To die and be buried in a foreign land?

DUCHESS

Hadn't thought about that part of it, - but why not? Some old worms to eat us over there! But in the meantime let's think of pleasanter matters, I hadn't figured to come right out with this as soon as I landed but - well - since the subject has come up, here's the gist of it. Things like this are arranged by the families over there in the Orient, and sometimes they turn out better than they do over here. Now, it's like this. Fong Tao Ju has a son - his oldest - as fine a lad as I've known, well, we've talked it over a good deal - Fong and I and the thought that our families might unite - made life seem very worthwhile to both of us. So I have persuaded him that, if you and your mother consent, - I would bring you back on my next voyage, to wed his boy.

DORCAS

(Awed) Oh, father!

Patience

(Stiffening) Thee has, what?

BURNELL

(Still not looking at her) I have pledged my word that I would bring Dorcas back to Canton, with me, that is, if she and thee are willing.

PATIENCE

(Slowly rising) Adam Burnell, thee would marry thy daughter to a heathen?

BURNELL

It's not such a terrible thing, this being a heathen, as thee calls it. They have their religion, they worship their gods - they may not be the same as ours but to them they mean as much. Their family life is as carefully guarded as ours. They are even more kind and thoughtful of one another than many of our people. They seem to lead a happy, contented worthwhile life. I see no reason to -

PATIENCE

(With rising wrath) Thee would let the child of thy flesh give herself to a yellow man?

BURNELL

I can't see as his colour makes any difference. (Sit) As I said, he's as fine and up-standing a young fellow as I've seen, and I've seen a lot. Fine brain. He'll carry on his father's great trading business, some day. Why, consarn it, wife, you don't know what you're talking about to go on that way. Why this boy's father is one of the wealthiest, best

DOUGLAS

(Mod) Oh, father!

LAWRENCE

(Settling) Then has, what?

DOUGLAS

(Still not looking at her) I have pledged my word that I would bring Dorcas back to Canton, with me, that is, if she and then are willing.

LAWRENCE

(Slowly rising) Mr. Burrell, then would marry thy daughter to a horrible?

DOUGLAS

It's not such a terrible thing, this being a Canton, as then calls it. They have their religion, they worship their gods - they may not be the same as ours but to them they seem as much. Their family life is as carefully guarded as ours. They are even more kind and thoughtful of one another than many of our people. They seem to lead a happy, contented worthwhile life. I see no reason to -

LAWRENCE

(With rising wrath) Then would let the child of thy flesh live herself to a yellow man?

DOUGLAS

I can't see as his colour makes any difference. (Sit) As I said, he's as fine and up-standing a young fellow as I've seen, and I've seen a lot. Fine brain. He'll carry on his father's great trading business, some day. Why, consider it, wife, you don't know what you're talking about to go on that way. Why this boy's father is one of the wealthiest, most

educated men in all China; He's a Mandarin. That's like being a Prince in Europe. His European friends are mostly princes and such like. How he happened to take a liking to me I never have been able to make out, but he has and as I've told you we're sworn to an undying friendship. Why Dorcas would never want for anything - she'd be treated like a little princess - servants everywhere - she'd be --

PATIENCE

(Breaking in, her voice rising.) Thee is daft, man, to lure our child with such worldly talk. Thee must be hypnotized by these heathen. Thee must have lost thy soul as well as thy mind.

DORCAS

Mother, please -----

PATIENCE

Princess - servants! Why does thee know what kind of a life our child would lead -- I'll tell thee! A life of misery, that's what! She might have a day or even a month of carnal joy - but after that - what? She wouldn't be of their race - she'd be an outcast there as well as here. She couldn't come back here - nobody would have anything to do with her - and what of the fruit of this union - what of the children? They'd be outcasts all their lives! Half white and half yellow! No, I'd rather see our child dead than married to any heathen Chinee, no matter how rich or how important - dead, ;I say! Curse thee - Adam Burnell for thy actions -- curse thee! (Her voice has risen until she almost shrieks. She realizes what she has said and pulls herself to - gether and sits, folding her hands and bowing her head.) God forgive me! I have blasphemed. Help me, Adam - help me, Dorcas, - my temper has

Made me sin -- Pray that I may be forgiven. (The other two sit with bowed heads for about a minute. Then Burnell slowly rises and crosses to her.)

BURNELL

Patience, thee will be forgiven thy blasphemy, thee is right, I had lost sight of many things. My great regard for my friend -- my fondness for his people and theier ways had made me forget how far apart we are, Forgive me. This is the last you will ever hear on this matter.

(Dorcas turns to father, then to mother, finally sits with head bowed)

CURTAIN

Music
Siren Sea Music
(Sad Theme)

Made no sin -- pray that I may be forgiven. (The other two sit with bowed heads for about a minute. Then Burrell slowly rises and crosses to her.)

BURRELL

Patience, thee will be forgiven thy blasphemy, thee is right, I had lost sight of many things. My great regard for my friend -- my fondness for his people and their ways had made me forget how far apart we are. Forgive me. This is the last you will ever hear on this matter.

(Dorcas turns to father, then to mother. Finally sits with head bowed.)

CURTAIN

INTERLUDE 5 (Page 1)

(Light comes on Ghost-Of-The-Past, at left)

Music Fades

Ghost

Her wish was never granted - Dorcas never so much as got away to enjoy the exotic sights and colors she craved so mightily. And her father, on the next voyage, wounded in a fight with natives of a South-Sea-Island, managed to survive long enough to reach Canton and there he died in the Mandarin's Palace and lies buried in his friend's private burying ground. As he predicted, the same worms as here, have done their work. Though the fortunes of the sea overtook Captain Burnell, many another Captain returns and lives to enjoy the benefits of the fortunes from the liquid gold ~~they have~~ he sought so courageously. But not all leading citizens of the Island go to sea. There is one, for instance - William Mitchell, who has other interests. Since the children of the Whalemen must be taught their lessons William started out being a teacher, while at the same time raising his family in his home on Vestal Street. But more than reading and writing and arithmetic has caught William's searching attention. There are the stars. ~~Even to a land bound Islander, stars are not merely pretty ornaments in an evening sky~~. He has realized that knowledge of the heavenly bodies means safety at sea to any mariner, and the more that ~~could~~ can be learnt about them the better. So William got himself a telescope and anchored it on the Walk on top of his house. And there he observed and computed, and taught his own children about the rotation of the comets and nebulae in their separate orbits.

IN 5.

To one daughter, named Maria, this was exciting, and at the age of twelve she started seriously assisting him in his calculations. By the time he had changed his occupation to Treasurer of The Pacific Bank and had moved his family to quarters in back of the Bank Building Maria had become a proficient astronomer. Weather had much to do with the happenings of Maria's life. If the clouds had not lifted on the night of October 8th in the year 1847, her destiny might have been a different one -

(light dims - on Ghost)

(Lights come up on street - Scene Drop -
It is night and the Street is only dimly lit
Roar of surf heard from South Shore)
(Watchman's voice is heard in distance - off Right)

Watchman

Seven o'clock - wind so'so' west - bloin' fresh - no roisterers about ! -

(The Ghost comes strolling along the street - Left - as Watchman appears with lantern from other side. When he sees Ghost he lifts his lantern for a better look)

Watchman
Who be ye - ?! -
(After a good look at Ghost)
For a minute thee flumuxed me - thought thee was a ghost !! -

Ghost
But that's what I am - The Ghost of Nantucket's Past -

Watchman
(chuckles)
That's a good one ! Shucks - I been seein' you 'round these streets fer years -

Ghost
Yes, I've been haunting them for years -

To one daughter, named Marie, this was everything, and at the age of twelve she started a romantic association she in his entertainer. By the time he had changed his occupation to Treasurer of the Pacific Bank and had moved his family to quarters in back of the Bank Building Marie had become a proficient entertainer. Danger had much to do with the happenings of Marie's life. If the clouds had not lifted on the night of October 4th in the year 1917, her destiny might have been a different one -

(Light blue - on Ghosts)

(Lights come up on street - Lower East -
It is night and the Ghosts is only dimly lit
over of curl boat from left front)
(Harmonica waits in hand in silhouette - Left Right)

Watchman

Seven o'clock - nice weather - doin' fresh - no

relationships start ! -

(The Ghosts come strolling along the street - Left -
as Watchman walks with a stern face other side.
Then he sees Ghosts in little pile lumbers for a better
look)

Watchman

Who be ye - ?! -
(After a good look at them)
For a minute there thought ya - thought they was

a ghost !! -

Ghost

Not that's why I am - The Ghost of Montmartre's Past -

Watchman
(chuckles)
That's a good one ! Funny - I been seein' you around

these streets for years -

Ghost

Yes, I've been haunting them for years -

Watchman
(Looking worried, not knowing what to believe)
The blackness, with the Cry roaring, there on South Shore, makes things seem sort of queer, tonight.

Ghost

The Cry is loud - just listen - ?!
(Sound of thundering waves in distance)

Watchman

Must a been a bigger storm than usual in the Caribean to send them big waves North, to do all that pounding on our shores.

Ghost

(Thoughtfully, almost to himself)
Aye - that Cry pounds into our sands all the hopes, the joys, the longings and sorrows of souls lost at sea - making a solid wall of sound, as it pounds and pounds their message.

Watchman
(Giving him a quizzical look starts off)
Yep, well, they do say the winds goin' round the way it ought, - so them clouds ought to be liftin' and Maria'll be up there pointin' that thing at the stars. I like seein' her there - sort of keeps me company down here. (He points up, looks around for Ghost who has gone, when - a short, middle-aged man comes hurrying along)
(Watchman holds up his lantern to man's face)
Who be ye? Oh - it's you, Benny - who you headed fer tonight? The Widow Bunker?

Benny
(Rambling in his talk)
Should be - that's where I should be furlin' my sails tonight, 'cause she paid me, last night, for two nights -

Watchman
(Looking worried, not knowing what to believe)
The blackness, with the Dry roaring, there on South
Shore, makes things seem more of power, roughly.

Chant

The Dry is loud - lure listen - ?!
(Sound of thundering waves in distance)

Watchman

Must a been a bigger alpha-phan animal in the darkness
to send them big waves North, so we all that pounding
on our shores.

Chant

(Thoughtfully, almost to himself)
Aye - that Dry sounds into our minds all the hours,
big lure, the lurching and roaring of waves look at
sea - making a solid wall of sound, as it pounds and
pounds their message.

Whitman
(Giving him a questional look above off)
Yep, well, they do say the whole main' round the way
it sounds, - as then always seems to be listin' and
Hurd'll be up there pestin' them thing at the store.
I like sneak' bar there - sort of keeps me company down
here. (He points up, looks around for those who've gone,
when - a short, middle-aged man comes hurrying along)
(Watchman holds up his lantern to man's face)
Who be you? - it's you, Hardy - why you headed for
tonight? The Widow Hunter?

Hardy
(Nodding in his talk)
Should be - that's where I should be fixin' up soils
tonight, 'cause she said so, last night, for two nights -

like I said in my ad - yes indeed - I put an ad in the Inquirer & Mirror, just last week, and business is picking up,-with two nights for a quarter.-But Molly Swain's ailin', and she insists I sleep at her house on Trader's Lane, tonight - but t 'aint fair, 'cause the Widder Bunker she gives me privileges and -

Watchman
(Cocking an eye at him quizzically)
What privileges, Benny Cleveland?

Benny
(As he disappears - off Left)
Why coffee! She gives me a cup o' coffee night and mornin'

Watchman
(Chuckling - looks up at sky)
There - them clouds is shiftin' - and there's a star - yep Maria's on the roof - now -

(lights fade as he goes out calling)
Seven o'clock - wind's so-so west - clouds clearing -

(Black- out)

(Interlude 5 - Page 4)

like I said in my ad - you indeed - I put an ad in the Inquirer & Mirror, just last week, and business is picking up,-with two nights for a murder.-Not Molly Brain's allin', and she invites I sleep at her house on Trader's Lane, tonight - that's 'cause I'm 'cause the widder Hankey she given me privileges and -

Waterman
(Cocking an eye at him quizzically)
What privileges, Henry Cleveland?

Henry
(As he disappears - off left)
My coffee! She gives me a cup o' coffee right and my coffee! She gives me a cup o' coffee right and warmin'

Waterman
(Chuckling - looks up at sky)
There - that clouds is shifflin' - and there's a star - yep Martin's on the roof comm - now -

(lights fade as he goes out calling)
Seven o'clock - what's so-so wed - clouds clearing -

(Black- out)

MARIA MITCHELL

by M. G. Fawcett

The time is October 8, 1847.

The Scene is the Roof-Walk of the Pacific Bank Building.

When curtain rises - the sky is dark and Maria Mitchell is found standing on Walk - looking anxiously up at the clouded sky.
Her telescope on a tripod is standing in center of the platform - there are two stools - R & L of telescope, and a lantern on the floor beside the stool, at Right. The opening of the skuttle is at Left of the Walk, from which comes a small amount of light. The Nantucket roof tops are seen encircling the sky-line, with a small amount of light coming from street below.

(Maria looks down into street as Watchman's call is heard, from below)

Watchman - Eight o'clock! And all's well - Wind's sou-sou West.

Eight by the Town clock -----

(His voice trails off in the distance)

(Maria takes another look at the sky, when her father's voice is heard from below)

William - (Calls from garret)

Maria, child - !

Maria - (crosses to skuttle, excitedly)
Father, come up, please do! The clouds have parted once, and I well, I made an important observation, but now it's overcast again.

William - (As he appears, from garret steps, with lantern)
It's blowing clear, I can feel it in my bones.

Maria - Great puffs of clouds are scudding so fast overhead.

William - Storm's rolled on, but the sea piles its vengeance on our shores.

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by M. O. Fawcett

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(Maria looks down into street as Watchman's call is heard, from below)

Watchman - Eight o'clock! And all's well - Wind's nor-nor West.

Eight by the Town clock -----

(His voice trails off in the distance)

(Maria takes another look at the sky, when her father's voice is heard from below)

William - (Calls from parrot)

Maria, child - I

Maria - (crosses to scuttle, excitedly)
Father, come up, please do! The clouds have parted once, and I will, I made an important observation, but now it's overcast again.

William - (As he appears, from parrot space, with lantern)
It's blowing clear, I can feel it in my bones.

Maria - Great puffs of clouds are scudding so fast overhead.

William - Storm's rolled on, but the sea pile its vengeance on our shores.

Maria - (still anxiously scanning the sky)
There must be a break in the clouds soon - so we can continue our observing because -

William (breaking in)
Maybe, maybe, but, meanwhile, I've come to fetch thee, at thy mother's bidding. She's having guests and thinks thee would enjoy their company.

Maria - (at telescope)
She knows I cannot give up my sweeping of the heavens for any sort of diversion - especially tonight of all nights!

(Maria is intently peering through the telescope)

William - (William is arrested by the excitement in her voice)
Why "tonight of all nights, daughter?

Maria - (evasively)
Well, father, there's a finding of special importance, that I must check.

William - Thee knows best, daughter, but it's cold for the 8th day of Tenth Month, and I think I shall resist the temptation to do any sweeping tonight.

(He starts for stairs)

Maria - Oh no, father, don't go - not yet! That is - please stay a little while, if thee can bear the cold, because, the truth is, though I have hesitated to come out with it, just now, while sweeping in the field around Polaris I have seen a heavenly body neither of us has observed before - and in checking my note-book - it's one that has nowhere been recorded before. And if thee verifies my findings I will be certain it is a new comet!

(Having started down steps - he comes back)

William - A new comet?! - But Maria -

Marla - (still anxiously scanning the sky)
There must be a break in the clouds soon - so we can continue our observing because -

William (breaking in)
Maybe, maybe, but, meanwhile, I've come to fetch Ethel, at my mother's bidding. She's having guests and thinks she would enjoy their company.

Marla - (at telescope)
She knows I cannot give up my sweeping of the heavens for any sort of diversion - especially contacts of all nights!

(Marla is intently peering through the telescope)

William - (William is arrested by the excitement in her voice)
Why "contacts of all nights, daughter?

Marla - (evasively)
Well, Father, there's a finding of special importance, that I must check.

William - Time knows best, daughter, but it's cold for the 8th day of Tenth Month, and I think I shall resist the temptation to do any sweeping tonight.

(He starts for stairs)

Marla - Oh no, Father, don't go - not yet! That is - please stay a little while, if thee can bear the cold, because, the truth is, though I have hesitated to come out with it, just now, while sweeping in the field around Polaris I have seen a heavenly body neither of us has observed before - and in checking my note-book - it's one that has nowhere been recorded before. And if thee verifies my findings I will be certain it is a new comet!

(Having started down steps - he comes back)

William - A new comet!! - But Marla -

Maria - Yes, father - here - (showing note-book) I have re-checked the distance from Polaris and there is definitely a new body there that was not apparent three nights ago!

William - (at telescope)
And thee does not believe it to be a nebulae?

Maria - No, I am sure it isn't. But thee take the declination while I go for thy shawl.

William - (he has started the chronometer)
No matter the shawl - I'm not the least cold, now!

Maria - (talks as she goes down steps)
It's surprising we've had no word of this new body from our friends at the Cambridge Observatory - surely they must have seen it already?

William - (still observing)
Thee may be the first, child, thee cannot tell - thee might be the only one who has seen it so far. The others may not have been observing in this field.

Maria - (coming upstairs with shawl)
But in Europe they must have noted it by now.

William - (still looking through telescope)
We'll learn in good time - Meanwhile, I'll verify thy calculations. Thee has made it out vertical above Polaris, five degrees ?

Maria - (puts shawl around his shoulders)
Yes, father.
(he leans over note-book and compares with chronometer - by light of lantern)

William - (looking up - beaming at her)
It is, as thee says! a new comet. I'll write at once to Cambridge.

Maria - Oh no, father, don't write to anyone, yet!

William - But it must be recorded, child, and -

Maria - But hadn't thee better wait - to make further observations?

Maria - Yes, Father - here - (showing note-book) I have re-checked the distance from Polaris and there is definitely a new body there that was not apparent three nights ago!

William - (at telescope)
And they does not believe it to be a nebulae?

Maria - No, I am sure it isn't. But they take the declination while I go for thy chart.

William - (he has started the chronometer)
No matter the chart - It's not the least cold, now!

Maria - (talks as she goes down steps)
It's surprising we've had no word of this new body from our friends at the Cambridge Observatory - surely they must have seen it already?

William - (still observing)
They may be the first, child, they cannot tell - they might be the only one who has seen it so far.
The others may not have been observing in this field.

Maria - (coming upstairs with chart)
But in Europe they must have noted it by now.

William - (still looking through telescope)
We'll learn in good time - Meanwhile, I'll verify my calculations. This has made it out vertical above Polaris, five degrees ?

Maria - (puts chart around his shoulders)
Yes, Father.
(he leans over note-book and compares with chronometer - by light of lantern)

William - (looking up - beaming at her).
It is, is this not?! I'll write at once to Cambridge.

Maria - Oh no, Father, don't write to anyone, yet!

William - But it must be recorded, child, and -

Maria - But hadn't thee better wait - to make further observations?

William - If it is not recorded at once, no one will know thee has seen it, and should it turn out thee has been the first - well -

Maria - It seems very forward to make such a claim - only to find later that the comet is an old story to others.

William - But, daughter, thee cannot tell and the King of Denmark has offered a medal and -

Maria - What would I do with a medal, father?!

William - (goes right on)
I was reading about it only the other day. Frederich VI, in 1831, offered a gold medal, of the value of twenty ducats, to the first discoverer of a telescopic comet.

Maria - (laughingly)
We might sell it and use the 20 ducats, however much that is, for a new telescope?! Goodness knows, this little Dolland is inadequate enough!

William - Thee must not abuse it now that thee has discovered a comet through its lens.

Maria - We should have more proof, father.

William - These figures do not lie - (points to note-book) If not for thy own sake, at least for the sake of our little observatory here on the Island, thee must allow me to write to Cambridge, and let them know the day and the hour of thy discovery?

Maria - Do as thee likes, father.

William - If it is not recorded at once, no one will know thee has seen it, and should it turn out thee has been the first - well -

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Maria - Do as thee likes, Father.

William - (goes to her, trying not to show his pride) It will mean world recognition if thee is the first, and thee deserves it.

Maria - Father, it is as much thy comet as mine. Has thee not taught me all I know? As to world recognition for me - I could wish it only if it proves to the World that, in the field of Science, there is a place for women!

William - True, true, and I shouldn't wonder if it won't turn out that thee's been as much of a pioneer as any one of our covered-wagon settlers of the West.

Maria - If only I can feel that I am advancing the opportunities of women for higher education - on an equal footing with men - I will truly know I have accomplished something.

William - That will take time; we may not even live to see it.

Maria - But why not, father? The discovering of a comet by a female, for instance, proves that women are capable of something more elevating than plying the needle. "stitch, stitch! The needle cannot be the end of all accomplishment for women, surely!!? It has, certainly, chained her even more than the unfair laws of the country!

William - That there is no precedent for other female activities, is the great hindrance.

Maria - "If the Earth had waited for a precedent it would never have turned on its axis"! - Father - I am growing to believe in the importance of women's advancement more than I do in astronomy.

William - (pose to her, trying not to show his pride) It will mean world recognition if Shee is the first, and Shee deserves it.

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William - That there is no precedent for other female activities, is the great hindrance.

Maria - "If the Earth had waited for a precedent it would never have turned on its axis"! - (Father - I am growing to believe in the importance of women's advancement more than I do in astronomy.)

William - Maybe, but, to prove thy point about women, thee must "hold to thy course" in astronomy.

Maria - To be sure - and there is so much to be done! This is only one new heavenly body - How many other comets are there to be discovered? Who can tell - ? Nor, how long will this one remain in our sight, a few nights - or many? Will it exactly retrace its footsteps in revolving around the sun? We do know it must yield to other planets, and that it will, after a long period of time, return - but the mind can scarcely reach out into the stretch of time required.

William - No, these great cycles of Time cannot be gauged even by the life of man, here on this planet.

Maria - Nor the tremendous spaces of creation be spanned by one's thought! Only can we have glimpses - or sometimes a feeling, deep inside, of the immensity. It is almost a physical surrendering of oneself to space. Why, father, there are times, when I am at the telescope, that I feel drawn so far off - into this outer world, that I wonder if I can pull myself back to the one of familiar sights and sounds. And there are times when <u>they</u> seem less familiar than all this beauty above!

Maria - (gazing off)
The color of the stars - the delicate shades of blues, greens and reds - they are my flower garden of the Heavens.

William - But, most of all, daughter, one does feel the verification of Divine Order.

Maria - (almost to herself)
"The heavens declare the Glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork" - ~~Yes~~ I suppose so that must be true - and all we can do is to make a small crack in the curtain of Time, and that takes constant application and I feel so dreadfully pressed because of the shortness of life! ~~There will never be time to accomplish it all~~!

William - Child, thee has until Eternity.

Maria - Thee truly believes that, does NT thee ~~not~~, father?

William - (Sweeping the sky with his hand)
Why not?! It is written there - planted in your garden of the stars.

Maria - But, father, thee has taught me to question everything- and since it can't be proven, that we continue as individual units, I can't be so certain in my heart as thee is - of my special bit of life going on in the Beyond - ; we have no proof.

William - Thee did not need proof to find your comet.- Thee sweep the skies because thee believes there are truths to be learned - that's Faith - Thy comet has been there all the while - in its allotted orbit - but thee could not prove it was there until you saw it. Why not with life Beyond - out of bounds from our

own imaginings here, - but - there - all the same -

on - on through Eternity. → Music

Maria - (murmurs)
Yes, father.

Clouds

CURTAIN.

Voice from below -

William Maria! what has happened

To delay you-? Is anything wrong

William - wrong-? - No - every thing is right -

Maria - Mother we've discovered a comet -!
A brand new comet!
Come father - (She takes the
Lantern and starts to descend)

Interlude 6 (Page 1)

Music Fades

(Light comes on Ghost - standing at Right)

Ghost-Of-The-Past

It turned out, after much correspondence abroad, that Maria had truly been the first to discover the new comet. She was accorded the medal, and as the first American Woman Astronomer brought International fame to the Island of Nantucket, and in due course of time was elected to the Hall of Fame. Meanwhile she had left the Island to be Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, and drastic changes were taking place in Nantucket. The ground oil that had been discovered in Pennsylvania was also found in Oklahoma, Texas and California - oil from the earth, instead of from mammals of the sea. No longer did ships need to be battered by wind and storm to bring back oil to fill the lamps and heat the stoves of the world - but in consequence no longer did Nantucket's wharves teem with ships and people.-The sea took ~~it~~ back for its own, and the quiet Island dozes in the summer sun, while the cooling ocean laps contentedly at its edges. But - there is heat on the nearby continent, blistering heat in the ever more and more crowded cities, and people, a few at first, have discovered refreshment on this ~~little~~ Isle - a peaceful haven from hot pavements and stifled streets, and they have started coming - summer visitors - guests of the ocean's own loved oasis. So far, they make only a dent, of short duration, in the placid rhythm of the Town's remoteness - this ship-like Island drifts contentedly with the ebb tide. -

(Light dims on Ghost)

3 minutes

Solo - "Last Rose of Summer"

IN 6

Incorrigible 6 (Page 1)

(Light cross on Ghost - standing at Right)

Snoop-Of-The-Year

It turned out, after much correspondence abroad, that Paris has truly been the first to discover the new comet. She was awarded the medal, and as the first amateur Ocean astronomer brought Lunar material home to the Island of Nantucket, and in the course of time was elected to the Hall of Fame. Meanwhile she had left the Island to be Professor of Astronomy at Foggy College, and Arcadia changed nonetheless close in Massachusetts. The ground oil that had been discovered in Pennsylvania was also found to Oklahoma, Texas and California - oil from the earth, instead of from Animals of the sea. To longer did people need to be bothered by wind and whale to bring back oil to fill the lamps and meet the needs of the world - but in consequence no longer did Nantucket's whaling ships and people.-The man took at hand for the one, and the other Island down in the ocean was, while the coaling ceased to be continually at the edge. But - there is back on the hardy mariners, pilotting boat in the over seas and more crowded cities, and people, a few at first, have discovered refreshment on this little Isle - a respite from the pavements and artificial streets, and they have started coming - rather visitors - during of the season's own lovely days. In far, they have only a dent, of about dwellers, in the Island population of the Town's inhabitants - with ship-like Inland cities coincidently with the ebb tide. -

(Light dies on Ghost)

Solo-fades -

(Lights come up on Street - Scene Drop - bright sunlight - with green bench placed at Right-Center-Back - where Billy Clark sits, with his legs stretched out in front, and his hat down over his eyes - dozing. After a pause, Ghost-Of-The-Past strolls on. Billy stirs and his fishing-boat horn falls from his lap - he leans over to pick it up - sees the Ghost - who is dressed like any one else of the period, but has a pale, expressionless face - the same as before)

Billy

Oh - must o' dozed off. Howdy - you one of the Strangers, from "Off"?

Ghost
(Sitting on bench beside him)
Not exactly -

Billy

More coming every summer, pears like.

Ghost

But, they don't seem to keep you very busy. Not much news these days?

Billy

Nope -. Things sort of quiet.- Nothin goin' on in Town, - a few fishin' boats go out and come in - even on the Mainland itsall kind of peaceful like. Now we got them Spaniards out o' Cuba - ain't even a War goin' on.

Ghost

No need of a Town-Crier perhaps?

Billy

That's about the size of it ! They get that new-fangled wireless station over in 'Sconset - that I-talian named Marconi invented it - well - they put up a pole over there- and they get messages all right - but there ain't much news.- Them actresses and actors over there in 'Sconset - they sometimes put on a show - a Benefit for their new Casino - that's

Bolo-Yodo-

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Billy (continued)

news. Why, they even run a special train at night so's Town folks can get there and back.-Now, that's somethin' to tell folks about.

Ghost

Good many of those actors over there are famous people of the Theatre.

Billy

Might be - might be - but you'd never know it to see 'em! They go around in sun-bonnets, and old khaki pants,- and speak to anybody. 'Pears that's what they like.

Ghost

Yes, I guess that's why they come here - to be themselves - no one to gape at them. They can't act in the summer- Theatres all closed - weather's too hot - so they have the long, warm days to spend at Land's End.

Billy

Other famous folk over there, too, they tell me, - authors, and poets. There's one, with long hair - Miss Carmen's his name.

Ghost

And that poem he's written about 'Sconset - It's a dandy.

(Quiet music starts up and under while Ghost says poem -)
"Did you ever hear of 'Sconset - ?
Where there's nothing much but moors,
And beach and sea and silence -
And eternal out-of-doors - ?
etc.-

(Lights fade - music goes into chorus of "My Siasconset Maid", and "Buy a Ticket To Sconset" from the Webb Brothers Reviews-The Drop rises - and lights go up on 'Sconset Scene - as music fades)

Harvis'?

Buy Ticket - to Sconset!

Music 'Sconset Medley

Buy a ticket to Sconset on stage

Interlude 6 - (Page 3)

BILLY (continued)

room. Why, they even run a special train so might as well - Your folks can get there and back, - You, they're expectin' to call folks down.

GRACE

And many of those members over there are famous people of the Theatre.

BILLY

Might be - might be - but you'd never know it to see 'em! They go around in shirt-sleeves, and old hat and pants, - and speak to everybody. Guess that's why they like.

GRACE

Yes, I guess that's why they come here - to be diversions - no one to pay at them. They don't get in our society theatres all closed - another's too hot - my they have to keep, really, days to stand on land's end.

BILLY

Other fellows fall over them, too, they fall on, - anywhere, and plenty. There's one, with long [illegible] Farmer's Pas dance.

GRACE

And you, Sam, he's written about 'Lorenzo - It's a Study.

(and on social efforts to get under noble about
sofa pose -)
Will you ever hear of Lorenzo - ?
Guess Liberty's nothing - and dancing.
And lands and the on. Affairs -
And several cut-of-story -
etc.-

(Lidia Fede - merit some tube director of "My Stepmother Aunt", and "Day a Tiger In Lemon" from the Walt Disney Nature-Tiv shows - and Lidia go up on "Farmer Jane - as music Fedel

EPISODE 6.

'SCONSET HEYDAY

by - M.G.Fawcett.

Characters

Billie Bowen - (an old whaleman, resident of 'Sconset)
Al Hussey - (young baggage-man, resident of Sconset)
Ambrose O'Connor - (book-auctioneer)
Florence O'Connor - (his daughter)
Vincent Serrano -(a New York actor)
Nanette Comstock-(ingenue of New York stage)
Lotta Linthicum- (another young actress)
Robert Hilliard (well known N.Y.stage star)
"Doc" Powers - (proprieter of Ocean View Hotel)
Obed Coffin - (station-master)
Mrs. Billings -(Summer visitor)
Margalo Gillmore - (at age of seven)
Lillian Russel - (now Mrs. Alexander Moore - aged 50)

The Scene is ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ railroad station, with dunes and sea in distance, at Siasconset, ~~xxxxx~~ Nantucket Island, Mass. on a July day in the early 1900's.
A corner of the station is shown, at Left, with doorway in evidence. Four or five large and small dunes (set-pieces) are at back and at Right, with path to beach indicated between two of them. A long low wooden bench is against the station wall.

Chorus - tapering off
while sexus opens

EP. 6.

Medley-Fades

'SCONSET HEYDAY

When curtain rises Al Hussey and Billie Bowen are found sitting on bench, by station . Billie, a short, little man, in a threadbare suit and shirt with no color, wears a battered straw hat, and smokes a corn-cob pipe. His side-whiskers bob up and down as he chews and spits as well as smokes his pipe. Al hussey, in overalls, has a cap pulled down over his eyes. He is a tall well-built young man of about nineteen years.
Before anyone speaks the pounding of the surf on the nearby shore is distinctly heard.

Billie
(Spitting)
Heavy surf.

Al
Wind's South-East .

Billie

Head-wind for the Azores - we made it there in eighteen days-

head-wind all the way - the Reliance - 1852

(Looking up- seeing some one -up on high bank, Down R.)
Who's them two young females ?

Al
A couple of those actresses, from th Ocean View.

Billie
(Cackling)
I knew it ! I can still spot a trim ankle any day ! And them actresses sure have 'em ! - Say, you have it fine down here. You can pipe 'em off as they go along that path to the post-office.

Al

Not bad .

Billie

They come all the ways from New York city jes' ter strole along a path, or sit on a porch and rock ?!

Al

They go swimming in the ocean .

Billie

Like dern fools ! Now me - I been around that there ocean ,man

and boy for goin' on 70 years -

Al.

70 - ? Just yesterday you were telling Bob Hilliard you were only sixty years old .

Billie

Did I ? Can't recollect when I was born , but don't like to let on to them summer folk. Anyhow, ain't never been bathin' in that water yit, couldn't swim if I had ter ! Don't make sense to get all dressed up to get wet in this here cold North Atlantic. Now if it were in the South Seas - on the Fiji Islands -

Al

Yep - I know - you've told me all about those Fijis .

Billie

(Cackling to himself)

Not all ! unless I were too drunk to know what I was a sayin' !

(Looks up and off Right again)

Now them three - where do they hail from ?

Al

Somewhere's in Ohio,I believe.

Billie

Don't know nuthin' about that State . Now California - there's a fine State ! I been there in '59. We made it 'round the Horn, picked up cargo in Chile and went on up the coast to Frisco- (cackles) -More beer joints and what-nots on her water front than there is quohogs in Nantucket ha'bor ! Any of these summer folk come from California ?

Al

Search me . Some of the actors and actresses been to California, and about every other place you ever heard of ! Labels all over their trunks - New Orleans - Buffalo - Chicago -

Billie

After traipsin' around to all them places, why they want to pack up again and come out here in the ocean, beats me!!

Al

Say they like it 'cause it's peaceful. Well - the way I look at it - it's peaceful enough until they get to piling in here about July Ist - then it sure isn't very restful for me ! All want their baggage at once . Then just about as I get the last of those great big theatrical trunks up these narrow steeps stairs, the first ones xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx have to be brought down.

(Voices ar heard - off Right)
Man - Look at the view ,Florrie !
Girl- Oh papa - isn't it lovely !

Billie

Never seen these two a'fore ?

Al

Came on the train yesterday .

Florrie

(Appears from down Right- she is young and delicate looking girl in a neat summer dress. She xx looks seaward)

All that sea and sky - it's as if you could see to the end of the world !

O'Connor

(A large freindly Irishman comes into view)

I read somewhere - it's Spain, opposite there - 3000 miles -

Billie

Portugal, Mister - it's Portugal. I know - 'cause I sailed there oncet. We tacked straight across the Atlantic .

O'Connor

Portugal, eh ? Now that's very interesting .
(Bowing to the two men he speaks expansively, with a slight brogue)

O'Connor (continued)

Good morning,gentlemen - good morning, a fine little village you have here !

Florrie

(Timidly)

How-de-do. Oh - yes - it's lovely !

(Al and Billie respond by pulling at their caps and saying "Howdy")

O'Connor

To be sure it is ! All those trim little houses - pretty as a picture !

Al

(Feeling something should be said)

O'Connor

One thing you do lack ,though, - a library ,for instance ! Just the thing you need ! Books,my friends, - panacea for all ills ! Now I can help you out in this matter of books. I have there in those boxes -

(Points to boxes piled near door)

Al

Oh -they're books ? Figured they must be bricks .

Florrie

(Over to Al - enthusiastically)

Oh no - they're books ! Some of them the very best ! You may have the first opportunity to look them over.

Al

(Pleasantly)

Thanks !

O'Connor

You see, gentlemen, we 've come to hold a book auction.

Al

Book Auction ? - That's a new one !

O'Connor

Little idea of mine - we travel around summers to outlying places - it spreads knowledge and -

Florrie
(Eagerly)
If everyone has a chance to read the right kind of books- then there'll be more understanding,and we won't have so much unhappiness and crime and even wars .

Al
(Tolerantly amused)
Can you cure all that with a book ?

Florrie

Not just one book,of course, but -

O'Connor

Your station aganet was good enough to say we could hold our auction here in the station, since there's no other hall available.

Al

That's right .

O'Connor

We'll go ahead and set up here,then. I've already left notices at the two hotels. Aim to start it off when the train comes in - good time to catch folks .

Al

'Bout the only time .

O'Connor

Florrie,we'll have to start unpacking right away. - Now -
(To Al)
you're a fine ,strapping lad - maybe you'd be good enough to help an old man with these boxes .

(Makes an ineffectual attempt to pick one up)

Al
(Picking up a box easily)
Where do you want them ?

Florrie
(In a flutter)
Oh , in here , please -
(Following Al into station and out again)
They're heavy ,I know - I always feel guilty when we have to ask anyone to lift them.
(O'Connor has gone into station)

Al

It's my job - lifting things . But ,I'm no porter. I'm around here to handle baggage - that's all .

(Continues in and out with boxes)

Florrie

Do you like it ? - I meanm that kind of work ? - That is - I mean - you don't always want to do that kind of work,do you ?

Al.

About all there is to do around here.

O'Connor
(Placing auction sign on door-way)
This won't make a bad auction room. Now if you two gentlemen would interest your friends - bldad, if everyone in the village would purchase one book ! You must have plenty of time for reading in the long winters.
(Turning to Billie)
By the way - what do you do around here in kks winter ?

Billie

I don't do no different'n I do summers - sit and talk to folks - tain't the same ones - the summer people come and go - but folks is folks !

O'Connor

I understand from an article in Ainslie's Magazine that you have quite a few members of the theatrical propfession summering here - even some well-known stars ?

Al

Yep - plenty of stage-folk.

O'Connor

They must read something besides Billboard and Variety on their vacations.

Al
(Looking up at bank - off Right)
Here come some of them now -

Florrie

Oh, who are they ? Tell me, quickly, please !

Al

The man,he's Vincent Serrano,and the tall blonde is Lotta Linthicum and the ~~sbrt~~ one, Nanette Comstock.

O'Connor
(Staring off Right)
I've seen them all - on Broadway - well - well - !

(Vinnie, Nanette and Lotta strole on slowly)
(He is tall,dark and handsome, of Spanish descent. Lotta is a tall handsome blonde, and Nanette a pert, ingenue type./ Vinnie is graying at the temples, and speaks with a broad A. / Nanette hangs onto ~~Xxxx~~ Vinnie's arm, and onto his every word)

Vinnie

I was a little off my game t is morning - only one-up on Brandon Hurst at the 9th hole.

Nanette

It's a silly game, anyhow ! - But Vinnie, you haven't said a word about my new bathing suit ?

Vinnie

But, cherub, don't think for one moment I haven't noticed it ! It's the last word - the very last word - only -

Nanette

Only what - Vinnie ?

Vinnie

Well - isn't it - say - a trifle too short? Won't it shock the good ladies who sit under their tents on the beach ?- What do

you think,Lotta ?

Lotta

Can't see that it makes any difference - they're going toggab anyhow .

(Nanette is posing in her ruffled bathing-suit of the period, with full bloomers, a skirt and puffed sleeves. Lotta has on a similar suit and Vinnie is in the long knit trunks and top of the period - the shirt striped. He wears a bath-robe also.)
(The others,grouped around station door,watch this scene)

Vinnie
(In pained tone)
Nanette, my child, do I see aright - no stockings ?

Nanette
(Showing a pretty leg)
Not bad ,eh ?!

Vinnie
(Solemnly)
Really, Nanette, I'm afraid that's too daring .

Nanette

Fiddle-de-dee ! It's poisonous to have to bother with stockings and garters - they get full of sand - and -
(Her voice trails off)

Vinnie
(Still solemn)
You know, Nanette, we must be discreet here in Siasconset, since anything we do reflects on all the other members of our Professiman.

Nanette
(Pouting)
You only care because you don't want all those society friends of yours saying things about people on the stage .

Vinnie
(Taking her chin in his hand)
Now be a good puss and run back to the hotel and put on some stockings !

Nanette
(Gazes at him a second, stamps her foot and flounces off)
Oh gloriation !

Vinnie

(Calls after her)
We'll wait here for you .

Lotta

I'd like to see any man telling me what I ought to wear !

Vinnie
(Has crossed to others ,greeting them in the grand manner)
Mr. Bowen , good-day -!// How are you ,Al ! Another fine day - air like wine ! (Turns to O'Connor) And, I take it, these are newcomers to our little colony ? How-do-you -do - Mr. - ?

O'Connor
(Shaking hands)
O'Connor's the name - Ambrose O'Connor . And it's honored I am to meet you, Mr. Serrano. I've enjoyed your performances on Broadway, many a time.

Vinnie

Well, that's very nice, I'm sure. Glad to meet you, sir.
(Turns to Lotta)
This is one of my confreres, Miss Lotta Linthicum .

O'Connor

And delighted I am to meet you,Miss Linthicum.
(Turns to Florrie)
My daughter,Florrie - Mr. Serrano - Miss Linthicum

Florrie
(Wide-eyed)
Oh, it's wonderful meeting you both !

Lotta

How-de-/you-do .

O'Connor

Forrie , you remember Miss Linthicum in"Held-By-The-Enemy" this winter, to be sure you do ?

Florri
(Flustered)
/ I - that is - well,I remember her name .

Vinnie

Vinnie
(Covering up an awkward pause)
Down for the summer, Mr. O'Connor ?

O'Connor

No, no, not exactly ; just a short is - fact is - we're going to negotiate a little auction here - (pointing to sign on door) later to-day - book auction - maybe you and your friends will be interested .

Vinnie

Book auction - ? I say - that's a novel idea .

O'Connor
(Launching forth expansively)
Books - the gateway to the world of knowledge ! The solace for solitude ! Boon companions for happy hours ! Here is opportunity at your very door -

Florrie
(Embarrassed breaks in)
Papa , you haven't started the auction yet !

Vinnie

Well, anyhow , we'll see if we can be here. - But first, an important occasion may be in the offing - ; Al, my boy, what time do you expect the train to-day ?

Al

Same as usual .

Vinnie

And taht can mean anytime from one thirty to three thirty !

Al

Yep - all depends on when the boat gets in .

Vinnie

We would certainly like to know the exact time because there's the possibility that a very prominant member of our Profession is arriving to-day, ~~[illegible]~~

Vinnie (continued)

we're expecting word from the Marconi wireless station any minute. (To all, in the grand manner) It is Miss Russel, who is to honor us with a few days visit -Miss Lillian Russel !

O'Connor

What do you know about that ! Airy-Fairie-Lillian ! I used to worship her when I was a lad ! Well, now , to think of her coming way out here to this dot in the ocean ! I'll be dad-burned !
(Turns to Al)
'Spec you never saw Lillian Russel ?

Al

Nope ,- never heard of the lady .

Billie

She's a burlesque queen, ain't she ? I seen her picture on the cover of"The Police Gazette."

Vinnie
(Indignant)

She is notm my friend ! Miss Russel was one of our leading actresses in a musical-comedy - a <u>star</u> for many years !!

O'Connor

And asshame it is you're not to see her as she was fifteen or twenty years ago ! She was the toast-of-the-town ! All the men were at her feet ! And her voice - like silver bells ! Tis a a great pity she had to grow old - why sure'n she must be sixty ,if she's a day !

Vinnie

Miss Russel is no more than fifty now .

Florrie

I remember, papa, you took me to see her when I was a very little girl - and I'll never forget how beautiful she was. Isn't it too bad she - that is - if what they say about her is true - (her voice trails off as Vinnie and Lotta bridle)

O'Connor
(Trying to cover up Florrie's break)
Rumors - mere rumors ! Never pay heed to gossip about people in the public eye,daughter .

Vinnie

Not only has Miss Russel the love and respect of all of the Professional Stage - but now that she is Mrs. Moore, wife of Ambassador Alexander Moore, her position is impregnable !

(Nanette comes running in)

Nanette

It took me forever to find my garters . Finally had to make new ones - must have lost them yesterday when I got boiled .

(O'Connor and Florrie look puzzled)

Vinnie

This is Miss Nanette Comstock ,and I assure you, good people, she she doesn't refer to being " boiled as an owl" ! Being "boiled" here in Siasconset means to be lifted up by the surff and turned topsey-turvey - caught in the breakers .

Nanette

I should say it does ! And was I embarrassed !

Al

Heavy surf to-day - better watch out .

Nanette
(Twirling around in her ruffled skirt)
Oh , I'm not getting wet to-day ! -
(Starts off - Back - Right through dunes)
Come on Vinnie - !
(Lotta follows her)
Vinnie

Good-day to you,sir, and Miss O'Connor . I trust you enjoy your stay in our little village.

(O'Connor and Florrie - say"Thank you "so long")

(A~ Vinnie follows others off stage)

Florrie

Does any one really swim in all that rough water ?

Billie

Why they want to - tarnation ! Nobody knows ! - Now me, I been livin' on and by that water for all my seventy five years
(Al gives him a look)
but I ain't never been in it, yet !

O'Connor

(Takes a quick look at Billie's dirty clothes)
You don't say ?!

(Billie drifts off Left - Exit)

O'Connor

(Continues expansively)
We seldom avail ourselves of what is nearest at hand . Now, I confess, I never read all the books I carry around, though I believe Florrie has, Great reader , that girl! But here we are child, chinning, when there's work to be done.
(As he goes inside station)
If we don't unpack these books there'll be no auction.

Florrie

(Shyly - to Al)
You must do a lot of reading, too.

Al

Don't have much time, summers -

Florrie

But in the winters - way off here - with nothing to do -

Al

There's always chores -

Florrie

(Vaguely)
Chores - ?

Al

I guess you city people don't rightly know how much time it takes just to keep alive in the country. You folks get you milk put on door-step in a bottle ,don't you ? Yep, and your heat comes in a pipe from somewhere ? Well, I have two stoves to keep going, night and mornings, ashes to sift and dump. Then, let's see, there's chickens to feed. You get your eggs in a box; we pick 'em up from the nests; one by one - hen houses have to be cleaned out -cows milked . And - well - right smart of part of the long winter evening's gone, by the time we're through. We do read some, of course , - there's the books - Sears Roebuck and Montgomery & Ward - you can spend a whole evening buying things out of them.

O'Connor
(Coming into doorway)
Florrie,child, I'm needing you to arrange things in here. You can talk about books later -

(Florrie trips inside.)
(At same time men's voices are heard from from bluff off Right)

O'Connor
(Looking off)
I'll be dad-burned, if this isn't Bob Hilliard ! (To Al) He starred last winter in New York, in"The Great Mystery."

(Hilliard comes in talking to Doc, Powers. The latter a keen,adroit little man, smoking a pipe. Hilliard is immaculately dressed, wearing a large panama hat and a large orange calendula in his buttonhole, to match his tie.)

Hilliard

I tell you ,Doc, it's lucky thing you have those rooms ! Her husband,Alec Moore, can't come, but she'll bring her maid I'm sure. Of course the expense is all mine.
(To others)
Good morning - ! Miss Russel is arriving . Lillian Russel will arrive in Siasconset on the next train. Just had a wireless message from the Marconi Station .
(Stalks into station)
Where is Obed Coffin ? Must see the station agent at once !
(Comes right out again)
Al Hussey can you find Obed for me ? It's most important .

Al
(Pointing off Right)
He's coming .
Hilliard
(Calling off -Right)
Well, Mr. Coffin - there you are ! Nearly train time isn't it ? I must know exactly when this next train is arriving. It's absolutely necessary that I the time because -

Obed
(An old, but spry little man)
Can't tell yer that,Mr. Hilliard, can't be done. Don't know myself. No way of knowin' till the boat comes in. And I can't hear her whistle - winds South-East . (Easterly)

Hilliard
(Irately to Doc Powers)
Imagine getting yourself stranded in this out-of-the-way place where you can't find out about trains or boats. It's preposterous! Nothing runs on schedule-

Doc Powers
(Dryly)
That's why you come here, isn't it - to get away from schedules ?

Hilliard
Yes, yes - that's true ,after all - that's right. Well, I presume the train will come about the usual time; been no storm to hold up the boat.
(To Obed)
There's a very great lady arriving - Lillian Russel - you must have heard of her ?

Obed
(Scratching his whiskers)
Seems to me I did,when I was a boy -

Hilliard
(Snorts)
Lillian Russel wasn't even born when you were a boy !

(Obed goes into station)
Hilliard
(Continues - over to Al)
Why ,Al, my friend, this lady was the most popular actress in America. Her admirers were legion - why she is still -

Al
Yep, I know - "the Queen of the Stage"; we just heard all about her.

Hilliard
And ,she must be received appropraitely - as a queen. First of all we must have a reception,here at the station to greet her.

Doc
Seems like when I've seen pictures of Queens being greeted over there in Europe some little girl is always presenting them with a bunch of flowers.

Hilliard

Just the thing,Doc - just the thing ! I've some stunning flowers in my garden. Now who'll we have to present them ? I will,of course , make a speech of welcome . First there'll be your bugle, then my speech, then the bunch of flowers - now who -

Doc

There's that little Margalo Gillmore - Frank's child - she'd look pretty, if she can find her tongue.

Hilliard

Oughtn't to be shy in public with her father and mother both on the stage . Yes, I'll sned some body up the bluff to find her. Now, what's next - ?

Doc

Get a few people to-gether; that's about all,I guess.

Hilliard

Yes, yes, tell everyone ! (To others) Have everyone here !
(Catches sight of Auction sign on doorway)
What's this - ? Auction -- at train time,to-day ?! - Never in the world ! That won't do ! ~~x~~
(Starts into station , bumps into O'Connor who comes to doorway as Hilliard backs away)
You in charge of this auction ?

O'Connor

That's about it .

Hilliard

Never heard of such a thing ! A book Auction. ?!

O'Connor

Little idea of my own. Been to many of the best resorts -- brings culture to the outlying places --

Hilliard

Yes, yes, no doubt. But not here. At least, not to-day. Can't have all this going on when Miss Russel arrives. Can't have a

Hilliard (continued)
counter attraction --- never do ! Have to put it off.

O'Connor

You see, it's this way,Mr. Hilliard, my daughter and I have come quite a ways; it's our livelihood. We can't tarry here long; must be at Edgartown by the end of the week.

(Florrie has come into doorway)

Doc
(In a mollifying tone)
How about it ,Bob, if this gentleman would agree to put off his auction until to-morrow, don't you think you could promise to bring Miss Russel to it ? She'll draw quite a crowd.

Hilliard

Fine idea ! Splendid ! That's what I'll do - I'll bring Lillian to-morrow. She'll make it up to you !
(Bows to O'Connor, taking for granted he has agreed)
Thank you,sir , thank you, my friend,for your co-operation -
(Stalks across stage - down Right)
Come along ,Doc. Now, you'll stand about here,when you blow the bugle.

Doc

Nope. I'll stand where I always do - at the top of the steps.

Hilliard
(Slightly taken aback)
But, that is ,, I think -

Doc

Nope. Sounds better up there.

Hilliard
(Starting off)
Well, come along. We can decide about this later. Let's have a look at her room.

(He exits - Doc follows. O'Connor throws up his hands as he watches him off - turns to Florrie)

O'Connor

Looks like if you're a"Star" you get your own way. But there isn't much else we can do ,daughter. Have to pack up all

O'Connor (continued)
the books again - can't leave them around in there.
(Turns and goes inside - Florrie follows)

(Voices of Nanette and Lotta are heard - back ofdune)

Nanette
(In irate tone)
He's poisonous ,I tell you ! Never heard of anything so rude !
(Nanette appears, dragging her cape and pouting)

Lotta
(Following closely after her)
Hush ! - He's right behind !

Nanette

I don't care ! He's no gentleman ! And I've a mind to tell him so, and to go back and slap her face !

Lotta

A lot of good that would do !

Nanette
(stamping her foot)
I don't care ,I tell you ! She deliberately made eyes at him ! And then he got right up and left us flat. No- I'm through !

Lotta

Poppycock ! He'll be over it soon. He's just flattered because one of the "Four HUndred" has fallen for him.

AL.
(Calling out to the girls as they start off- Right)
Your friend,Miss Lillian Russel's coming on this train.

Lotta
(Turns quickly)
She is ? - Who said so ?

Al

Bob Hilliard's been here raising-Cain; he got a marconi message - he's so excited he's so excited he's about to bust a gut !

Lotta
(with mock horror)
Mr. Hussey, please ! (Te Nanette) Hear that ? Lillian Russell ! We'll have to dress quickly so we can be here to greet her

(Lotta starts off quickly)

Nanette
(Following slowly)
Aw, golly, I don't want to meet anyone, the way I feel.
(She exits)

Vinnie
(Enters quickly - calls after Nanette)
I say Nanette, my dear - I - er -

Al
(Breaking in)
Hey there - Vinnie , Lillian Russel's arriving any minute now.

Vinnie
(Turns quickly ,immediately interested)
What? - You don't mean it ? Did Hilliard get a wireless message ?

Al

He sure did .

Vinnie
(Starting off hurriedly)
Well - well - I must hasten -

(Mrs. Billings a handsome woman, impressive in her manner , passes him as she enters from down-Right)

Mrs. Billings
Why are you going ,Vinnie, instead of coming ?
~~Xomxmannmingxmvinxhsmxmm~~ (To Al)
Dear, dear , am I too late ? Is the train in ? Has Miss Russel come and gone ?

Al

No, Mrs. Billings, train's not in yet .

Mrs. Billings
(Fanning herself with a palm leaf fan sits on bench)
That's a relief ! My daughter played with Miss Russel in "Hoity Toity"five years ago and she's never forgive me if I weren't here to welcome her to Siasconset.

(Obed Coffin comes into doorway)

Mrs. Billings

When will the train arrive ,Mr. Coffin ?

Obed

Any time now .

(Billie's voice is heard from off- down-Right)

Billie

I seen her ! She's acomin' right along !

(He enters - as Mrs. Billings jumps up excitedly)

Mrs. B.

Who ? - Where ?

Al

Is she driving across ?

Billie

(Bewildered)

Who ? Who's drivin' ?

Mrs. B.

Miss Russel -

Billie

I don't know .

Al

Bu who did you see ?

Billie

The train . She's at Tom Never's . I seen her from the top of the hill. But who'd you say's comin' ?

Mrs. B.

Miss Lillian Russel .

Billie

Oh, yep - the burlesque queen !

Mrs. B.

(shocked)

She is <u>not</u> a burlesque queen !

Billie

(With a cackle)

She had a handsome pair of legs in her photo I seen.

(He turns away cackling to himself / Mrs. B. gives him a scoffing look)

(Hilliard comes on hurriedly, carrying a large bbunch of garden flowers in one hand, and holding onto a small girl with yellow curls, followed by Doc Powers who carries his bugle)

Hilliard

We're just in time,Doc. I found Margalo wandering along McKinley Avenue . But where are the rest ? - Where's your daughter,Mrs. Billings ? Sally ought to be here !

Mrs. B.

Bob Hilliard, you know very well she went up to New York a week ago to start rehearsals with John Drew .

Hilliard

Of course, I forgot ! - Harry Woodruff can't be here now, - he's arranging luncheon for Lillian.- But where's Isabel Irving,and Percy Haswell and George ~~the~~ Fawcett ,and Agnes Everett? ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Looks like you'll have to represent your family,Margalo . Now here are the flowers. Hold them up,this way and when I give you the signal you present them to Miss Russel.

Margalo

Where are flowers for me ?

Hilliard

There aren't any flowers for you ; you're only a little girl.

Margalo

When I'm grown up will someone give me flowers ,too ?

(Hilliard notices the O'Connors in doorway)

Hilliard

Delighted to see you are still here,Mr. O'Connor, you and your daughter can swell the crowd. - Now, I think it will be better to have our little ceremony here ,rather than on the train platform - more room here. I'll escort her through the station - and you'll be standing there,Doc, at the foot of the steps. Then as she appears, you sound off with the bugle. After that I'll step forward.

Mrs. B.

If you don't mind a suggestion, Bob, the child ought to come after the bugle.

Hilliard
(Trying not to be annoyed)
No, no, the flowers last; better effect .

Margalo

Let me come before the bugle, Mr. Hilliard, Doctor Power's bugle always scares me .

Hilliard

You're not going to be frightened, a big girl like you! No, we'd better leave it as I have planned . I'll come after the bugle

(Sound of train near at hand - bell rings and engine toots)

There's the train now - come along everyone !

(He strides into station - others follow)

(Vinnie comes quickly in from Right calling over his shoulder)

Vinnie

Come on, you two ! You'll be late -

Lotta
(Running in)
Hurry Nanette -

(Nanette and Lotta dash across stage and offthrough station.-There is a hub-bub of conversation off stage -Left- as train comes to a halt with a big clanging of bell, etc. Some one says "There she is" "One-two-three"- and they burst into the following -
"Paddy-go-wack - go wack - go wack !
Paddy go wack - go wack !
Wauwinett - Sankoty Light and 'Sconset !!!!! "
Hurrah - Hurrah -Hurrah !
Lilliain Russel - Lillian Russel !!

(They all come streaming through door talking - " Isn't she lovely" -"What a hat " All those jewels! etc Last to come is Lillian on the arm of Bob Hilliard - As she appears - Doc Powers, who has disappeared, off Right blows his bugle - " Tattoo or "Call to Quarters" Lillian stands surprised and amused .)

Bell

X Train

Paddy go Whack

(xxxx Bugle finishes - Lillian looks up and
off right)

Lillian Russel

To be welcomed by a bugle - ~~I had to come~~ I came thirty miles at sea !

Billie Bowen

She's jest as pretty without tights!

(Quickly Mrs. Hallings pushes Margalo forward-
and casts a triumphant look at Bob - who
annoyed steps xxxxxxx center.xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
As Margalo thrusts bouquet at Miss Russel)
Lillian leans over and pats her)

Thank you , my dear -

Hilliard
(With a sweeping bow)

This is a great occasion for the village of Siasconset !
To be honored by the prescence of so distinguished -------etc -
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

CURTAIN DESCENDS SLOWLY)

Music Sconset Bridge

Medley

(Lights dim - fade out -)

(Music comes up and under -
Chorus of "My Siasconset Maid ")

(Street drop comes down)

drums.

(on stage
Wedge Wesley

(Last Page)

(Light comes on Ghost - standing at Right) — Music Fades

Ghost-Of-The-Past

The rest - no longer History -

You have come - more and more you have come

To this any Island, with a privileged Past -

To this particular cradle of our American Dream -

Slung in the trough of an ever continuous wave.

You - the people "from Away" - some from far "Away"-

You - the folk from "Off" - who seek that measure of

peace, yearly due -

You, who need to cherish, through drab and dreary hours

A vista, a scent, a slow soft purr of an indolent ocean -

Have come!

Here, on these sun-baked, salt-soaked sands -

Is meted out your quota of renewal -

Here the sea grants you space enough

To wander along fenced roads and lanes,

And - under soft petaled evening skies -

To gather where the Whalemen trod, on smooth cobbled street,

And - while a whirling world tumbles on - — Herbie Start

Good Old Summertime

To sing -

(Lights go up on Street Drop - evening light - with spotlight on Herbie Brownell playing his accordion and the whole cast singing one of the favorite Main Street songs. — ENSEMBLE SONG

At the close of song the Town Clock is heard striking Ten O'Clock -

Herbie goes into "National Anthem" - "Oh Say Can You See"-as is the custom on Main Street - and curtain slowly descends)

THE END

Try out

(Last Page)

(Light comes on Ghost - standing at Right)

Ghost-Of-The-Past

The past - its longer History -
You have come - more and more you have come
To this Island, with a privileged Past -
To this particular cradle of our American Dream -
Sizing in the through of an ever continuous wave.
You - the people "from Away" - come from far "away"-
You - the folk from "off" - who seek that moment of
peace, yearly due -
You, who used to charter, through dark and dreary hours
a place, a peace, a slow soft pure of an Imperial ocean -
Have come!
Here, on these sun-baked, salt-soaked beach -
In seeing out your quota of renewal -
Here the sea grasses you opens energy
To wander along fenced roads and lanes,
And - under soft petaled evening skies -
To gather where the Wildness tree, on smooth sobbing strand,
And - while a whirling world tumbles on -
To shine -

(Lights go up on Street Prop - evening light - with
moon light on Bottle Brownell playing his accordion
and the Widow Cook singing one of the favorite Sun
Street songs.
At the close of song the Town Clock is heard striking
ten o'clock -
Bumble goes into "Medical Surgery" - "Oh Say Can You
See - as the curtain on Main Street - are variegin
slowly changed.

THE END